THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

IN A survey called *Causes of the Peace Failure 1919-1939*, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace provides material for long and arduous thought on the part of those who are really concerned about the condition of the world today. The students of affairs who made this survey point out, as one of the disintegrating factors in international politics, the "failures of Democracy."

We were particularly impressed with the cogency of the thought that was advanced that the democracies manifested a reprehensible "tendency to postpone action." It is admitted that all sovereign states are subject to the law of inertia, but the democracies display an exaggerated predisposition for inaction.

It was, perhaps, largely this distaste for making decisions that led the half-blind opponents of the League of Nations to prevent our entry into that body. Much of our subsequent uncertainty—even pussyfooting—may be traced to that beginning we made in the realm of do-nothingness. And more recently we have shown too great hesitancy to defend our interests abroad, whether by lack of diplomatic firmness, lack of commercial insouciance, lack of military preparedness or lack of initiative in backing the other democracies of the world with our potential economic invincibility.

The weakness born of inertia has been furthered, also, by our notions about sovereignty. In a period of history marked by the regeneration of nationalism, great powers became unseemly jealous of their sovereignties. Some statesmen were aware of the implications of this age-old manifestation in a new dirndl. But in this country those statesmen were as rare as the aurora borealis and as sup-

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pressed as an outbreak of bubonic plague.

It required the international gymnastics of the dictators to arouse us to the realization that by definition the sovereign state is amoral in its relations with other states and moral in its relations with its own citizens. As it approaches its limit (the approximation of its definition) the state becomes stronger. And conversely, as it recedes from its potential limit it becomes weaker. This strength and weakness is, of course, relative to all other states in its diplomatic orbit.

Hitler, who is a master political astronomer, was keenly aware of the reality we have just demonstrated. A large portion of his success stems from his awareness of this and other political truisms. He also has been aware of another political axiom of which we as a nation have appeared to be ignorant. Let us quote that law from the Carnegie study:

"It is the difference in the moral outlook, the *mores* within the boundaries of sovereign states, that explains the attitude of those sovereign states to the obligations that they have contracted toward each other."

Historians and social scientists of all persuasions are at last in heavenly harmony in the conclusion that Germany, even since Luther, is a nation operating by pagan mores, while America (and Britain) are operating by Christian mores. Having faced this historical fact it is more comprehensible—and more logical—to assert that Germany, in flouting her treaty obligations, and America in observing hers, both acted with perfect logic toward the assurance of their own best interests—in terms of their opposing internal mores. To attempt to explain the totalitarian offensive against democracy on any other basis is to lend oneself to the forces of confusion.

To go a step further, and examine the results of this innate conflict between the totalitarian idea and the democratic idea, we must investigate the operation of the state in the international milieu. While the individual within the state may, by one means or another, escape the limiting bonds of the state, it is always through some form of self-reduction. The individual in any given society either submerges himself in some form of religion or philosophy or he escapes into a void of anarchy. The state cannot and does not follow this procedure. A sovereign state can escape the limitations imposed by sister states only by self-exaggeration. Contraction means effacement to the state, expansion may mean the effacement of other states. Thus the state adopts a form of idolatry, when all other means fail. The state makes itself God. And who can dispute the word of God? That, reduced to its simplest terms, is the ultimate potential goal of every sovereign state.

The democracies have avoided the road to idolatry by basing their political philosophy upon Christianity, the totalitarian powers have—well, let's see.

By fostering a sense of exaggerated nationalism the Fascist states first became increasingly parochial. Their sense of exclusivism permitted them to exalt real or imagined qualities found only within themselves. When these qualities became fairly universal within the state, they were detached from the concept of the state structure and given validity apart. Thus quali-

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ties of "race," qualities of mind, qualities of hair even, became idols for worship by the people within the state.

The late Pope Pius XI warned of this danger in an encyclical on March 14, 1937, *Mit brennenden Sorgen*. He said:

"Whoever detaches race, or the nation, or the state, or the form of state or the government, from the temporal scale of values and raises them to be the supreme model and deifies these with idolatrous worship, falsifies the divinely created order of things."

This phase of the world's suicide has been commented upon by the Carnegie scholars thus:

"This curse of exaggerated nationalism, *the substitution of the part for the whole* as the object of devotion, is a comparatively recent scourge in modern society."

In this country, that scourge was a tremendous factor in the denial of the League. Now it is operating to prevent a solid front of the democracies against those nations which would destroy them one by one. Though self-interest in the past could not bind men and states to an organization that flouted the great modern idolatry, some formula may be evolved out of the current travail of man, let us hope, to preserve better the spirit of man than did the state sovereignties now engaged in mutual annihilation.

More About Tactic

THE Battle of Britain has now reached, what in medical circles would be called, a "crisis." That is the point at which the patient either begins a recovery or decline—either wins or loses the decisive battle for life. This crisis is an important event in the affairs of this nation. If Britain has begun a recovery our international problems are simplified; if she is headed for destruction we must be prepared for a complex world situation wherein we will be obliged to face a hostile world—alone. Neither eventuality should cause us fear. We are capable of meeting these problems and of solving them, if we keep clear heads, stout hearts and a determination to move ahead as one united people.

However, we cannot help being concerned about the fate of Britain at the moment. And since our destiny is involved in hers, most Americans are asking, "Can Britain hold out?" and, "Can Britain win?" The best answer we have heard to both those questions was given recently, in a talk, by Col. William J. Donovan, better known as "Wild Bill" Donovan of the "Fighting 69th." This astute and capable soldier, after a careful study of the war in England, from whence he has just returned, said that he is convinced that Britain can hold out defensively, at least until spring, regardless of the amount or quality of outside support. As to her ability to launch an offensive and thus win the war, he was undecided. That, he said, depends upon three factors: how much war materials the United States can furnish between now and spring, how much military damage the German air force can inflict, and how much damage the R.A.F. can inflict upon Germany and her satellites.

All three of these factors hinge largely on our productive capacity and our willingness to hasten shipments. The dependence on us for the first factor is obvious. For the second, our supply of defensive fighter planes, anti-aircraft guns and ships will de-

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termine how well the German attack can be fended off. For the third, a large supply of long-range bombers will enable the R.A.F. to blast German manufacturing plants, oil supplies and military establishments east of Berlin. At present Britain cannot send bombers east of Berlin, or into the manufacturing areas of Italy for lack of heavy bombers of sufficient range.

To do these things, however, is only half our task. The second half is to make ourselves impregnable in defense and irresistible in attack. Some months ago we wrote, in this department, about the modern war techniques, and their roots in the American War Between the States. In that article we showed the parallel between the battles leading up to the attack on France and the Battle of Gettysburg. Now, in the Battle of Britain the analogy becomes more apparent. What Col. Donovan says about the present techniques, on both sides, sounds like a recapitulation of the strategy and methods of Robert E. Lee. And what are the factors in modern war?

The primary lesson to learn is that attack has a preponderant advantage over defense in "total" war. (Total war means the utilization of every individual in one's own or the enemy state for some form of attack or defense.) One reason is because the attacker is better able to utilize the enemy population for its purposes; another reason is that the attacker is in a position to destroy the enemy's productive and transportation capacities; a third reason is that the attacker—with swift, modern transportation engines—has increased the value of the old advantage of surprise tremendously, and is able to pin large units of defensive forces in ineffective zones. Lee recognized all this, and he knew that his mobile attacking force, employing concentrations of fire power on dissipated defense divisions, had at least a three-to-two advantage in manpower. That ratio is larger today.

WE MUST not waste the lesson our greatest military genius has taught us; it has not been lost on the rest of the world. Therefore, we must be prepared, in the event that we are assailed, not only to defend ourselves effectively, but also to attack effectively and instantly.

Drawing an outline of modern war tactics from his observations in Britain (and his knowledge of military techniques as taught by the past) Col. Donovan said that today's war is marked by decentralized control—each unit must act on its own with alertness and speed of decision. Timing is an important element, just as it is in football. But liaison is difficult. In the Low Countries, he said, the German high command found liaison so difficult that they merely gave each unit its assignment and said "to hell with liaison." To operate thus, it is necessary to perfect an army's preliminary training to a high degree. Each man, private, corporal and sergeant—but particularly private—must be letter-perfect in his job. Just as on the football field, the well-coached linemen open up holes in the opposing line, the blockers clear out potential tacklers, the ends come through and form a screen and the ball carrier races to the goal-line untouched, so a small, but perfect attacking force can make way for an occupying unit and set it up in hostile territory. But we

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have outlined the perfect football play. And in war as in football only one play in many is perfect, even on the best teams. This fact makes it possible for a well-conceived and well-executed defensive to nullify the attack on many occasions. But the attacking force, as we have said, is still in possession of the advantage.

To sum up Col. Donovan's exposition of the factors in total war:

1—Training (alertness, speed, timing).

2—Decentralized command.

3—Democratized command.

4—Total defense (plant and capital, labor, home guards).

5—Esprit de corps (singleness of purpose, will to win, philosophy of life).

That last item, philosophy of life, may sound strange coming from a military man. But war has changed greatly and the ingredients that go into its horrible cauldron are now the same ingredients that go into peacetime affairs with a different catalyst.

Word From Britain

AT THE end of September, *The Living Age* received two letters from a colleague in London, the business manager of *Horizon*. These letters are indicative of the British spirit. The first was a hasty note on the back of our own letter to him and ran ". . . but mails are in a mess in London now, on account of the raids, so we just have to hope. Four bombs have dropped within a hundred yards of this office and no one sleeps in the flat on account of noise and the fact that Hitler is after something hereabouts—we don't know just what—and every so often something comes from the skies and lands too near for comfort."

The next day, we received a more formal acknowledgement on *Horizon's* own stationery: "I was at home when I answered your letter. As a matter of fact, I had picked up our mail at the post office, as I was not allowed to come to this office on account of the fact that there was a time bomb not very far away and it hadn't exploded yet. When it did, it blew in the windows of my flat—it couldn't do that to the front windows of this office because another bomb did that a week ago.

"Things weren't as bad as this when we started *Horizon* last November, and for the first nine months we ran it in an amazingly normal way, unrestricted and with fair success; but then it became illegal to supply any magazine on consignment to booksellers [because of the paper shortage] and costs began to rise, and now the printers dive into shelters at every air-raid warning, so we can't make any promises about when the issue will come out and how long it will be possible for us to carry on at this rate. We shall carry on at least till the end of this year—and if we continue to get support, we'll carry on for the duration and after, as we intended in the first place. . . . *Horizon* is the only literary magazine which has appeared since the war broke out."

Somehow we feel ashamed of conducting *The Living Age* in the comparative quiet of 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Regeneration Note

WITH the Pétain capitulation, democracy collapsed in France,

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or democracy, in any event, as practiced in the Third Republic. After the debacle, the argument of Marshal Pétain was, in effect, that the real French spirit had no patience with democratic processes, and that the genius of his countrymen could flourish only under a totalitarian rule. The Marshal, who can scarcely wonder that much of the world regards him as more than mildly deluded, buttressed these observations with an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which he disclosed that the "authoritarian philosophy" of the Nazi Reich was, in fact, a French conception—and Hitler mustn't take too much credit for it.

Of course, one large area of the world has reached a point of such addled thinking that virtually anything is possible; nothing nowadays, in the thought of millions, can be too ridiculous, or too preposterous. Doubtless, the astronomical fact is that the moon is made of limburger. But since some forty million French people are now guided by a government whose premier holds that his country devised and today cherishes "authoritarian philosophy," let us consider the benefits that this régime has bestowed upon the nation. We can draw a trial balance, while fully mindful that the collapse of France inevitably created enormous social confusion, and disruption of various material facilities throughout the land. But let one also be mindful that the Pétain Government took over control nearly five months ago.

What in the meantime has been accomplished?

Unhappily, the record of totalitarian accomplishment in France is negative throughout. First of all, the Vichy Government is still lacking possession of Paris, which in far more than a symbolical sense is the heart, brain and bowels of France. Marshal Pétain and his c o n t e m p t i b l e right hand, Pierre Laval, issue almost daily bulls to the effect that they are "regenerating France." Meanwhile, they are unable to "regenerate" enough steam-power in the unoccupied zone to run half enough trains to meet the demand. Mr. P. J. Philip, long-time Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, recently arrived back in the United States, observes that every train is packed to suffocation and arrives hours late. Relatively speaking, this might be regarded as a trivial omission in a nation undergoing "regeneration," even if the dictators always point with pride to maintaining railroad schedules; but food supplies and fuel are necessaries that must be transported from one community to the other.

IN THIS process of "regeneration," there has been no efficient expenditure of energy on arranging for the transit of mails either in the unoccupied zone itself or between it and the area occupied by the Nazis. Conceivably, of course, mails are a dispensable luxury while one is undergoing regeneration. Similarly, evidently the regenerees can do without butter and other fats, almost unprocurable today in unoccupied France. When public clamor reached such heights that the Vichy Government had to take notice, the explanation of MM. Pétain, Laval and Baudouin was that the fault rested with the evil British and their cruel blockade. This is something more than a lame explanation from a coterie of gentlemen

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who know that France has never imported dairy products in any substantial quantities. The truth is, as several American correspondents have determined, that the authoritarian régime of Vichy is totally inept in insuring that the population under its control gets a fraction of the sustenance it needs for survival. The Nazi authorities in France do not simplify the duties of Vichy, but in the unoccupied territory they are not—according to Mr. Philip and others—holding up trains or confiscating vast quantities of foodstuffs.

But all these miseries will be banished, M. Baudouin blandly informs the nation, while France evolves through her regeneration. There is administrative delay everywhere which, admittedly, is nothing new in France; but at a time when winter impends, it might be supposed that some of the obvious red tape could be cut. In this matter, the French equivalent of authoritarianism appears even worse than was French democracy.

In summarizing this picture, Mr. Philip refers to "the French workers who have no work, the small business people who have no trade [the] millions of prisoners who never got a chance to fight, these wretched people who under the joint Laval-German régime are getting no news, no food, no encouragement, and no real leadership."

But all these omissions are unimportant. In an authoritarian State, presumably, you can suffer anything in exchange for the boons of regeneration.

Fashion Note

WE NOTE that certain great cities are rushing to seize the leadership in women's fashions long held, of course, by Paris. With the understatement characteristic of the Fascists, dressmakers in Rome are dancing up and down, and howling that henceforth *la mode* will be dictated by Italy because that nation "is the only country artistically qualified to create authentic art." Maybe so. But dressmakers in New York are equally shrill—in fact, they argue that Manhattan has long been the leader in the creation of feminine fashions, and that the reason that couturiers in New York sent buyers twice yearly to Paris was rooted in a silly tradition, and that such visitations had no practical value.

Only the other day, Berlin talent horned in, and a dressmaker in the German capital declared that the Nazis proposed to design fashions for all women that "will express not the frivolous, but the ideals of domestic love, maternity, the kitchen, and purification." This seems like quite an assignment for Nazi designers.

But the Germans are a dogged people. Since a dress requires some three yards, say, possibly that will give the Nazi Vionnets and Patous space enough to dash off a nifty little frock embellished with symbols, front and back, connoting domestic love, maternity, purification, etc., perhaps with a *Heil Hitler!* sewn in for good measure.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the conditions and changes of foreign countries.*"

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The 'Lone Eagle,' to Jim Mollison, is America's leading fifth columnist

My Pal Lindbergh

By JAMES A. MOLLISON

News Chronicle, London

THE FIRST man to fly alone from America to Europe was Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. I was the first to fly alone from Britain to America.

He and I meeting, we have had opportunity to sum up each other. To me, Lindbergh presents a curious psychological problem. To the majority of American people he has become a figure of mystery.

From the beginning of the war, and before that, Lindbergh has opposed American help to the Allies. He has even gone to the length of calling on Canada to refuse to help the Mother Country.

While American sympathy for the Allied cause has grown, Lindbergh has become more outspoken in his criticism of the Allies and his praise of the Nazis. The moral issue, which has aroused American hatred for the Nazis, has left him cold.

Lindbergh's most recent utterances have caused Senator Claude Pepper to call him "Chief of the Fifth Column in America."

Ten years ago Lindbergh was the hero of the American multitude. Today millions of Americans speak of him with shame and anger.

What is the explanation of the strange behavior of America's fallen idol? I can put it in one word: fear.

Lindbergh has what amateur psychologists call an inferiority complex. That may seem a startling accusation, from one airman to another. I base it not only on his public acts and utter-

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ances, but also on my assessment of his character during my talks with him.

It was on a hot, sultry afternoon in the summer of 1932 that I first met him. I had just completed my first flight to America. Dazzled by camera flashes and deafened by the roar of the crowd, I had managed to get a few hours' sleep before Lindbergh called.

He came into my room—a tall, thin, fair-haired young man, with the palest blue eyes I had ever seen. He wore a well-cut jacket, but unfashionably tight trousers that finished far above his shoes. He looked awkward and shy.

We were introduced by the president of a petrol company who had lent me the apartment. In a corner was a case of champagne provided by my host.

"Hallo," said I. "Have a drink?"

"No, thanks," said Lindbergh, slowly. "I do not think it is good to drink."

Under his disapproving eye I broke the prohibition law and poured myself a glass of wine. "Cheerio!" I said. He did not reply. I had to make conversation, and all he would talk about was aviation.

That was curious, I thought. Usually when airmen meet they find something other than their own professional interests to talk about.

New York, that wonderful city? Lindbergh knew little about it and cared less. Theaters? Politics? Lindbergh turned the conversation back to airplanes.

"Well," I said at last, "I'll see you tomorrow. I am invited to the Q.B. dinner."

"Q.B." stands for "Quiet Birdmen," America's most exclusive aviation society. Only 10 per cent. of the airmen who are put up for membership are passed by the committee. Lindbergh was president of it.

"I shall not be there," said Lindbergh. "I do not go to dinners, because I do not smoke or drink." He even implied that he didn't have much in common with the members of the club.

HIS attitude toward his fellow airmen, who had made him their president, shocked and puzzled me. There is more comradeship, *esprit de corps*, loyalty among airmen than among the members of any other profession that I know of. And here was Lindbergh telling me, in the most matter-of-fact tone, that he was not one of us.

True, this meeting took place only a few months after the kidnapping of Lindbergh's baby. He had suffered a great shock, and wanted to be alone. I looked out of the window as he left my apartment, and I saw him get into a small, black car with drawn curtains. As his car drew away, a police car followed.

I did not see Lindbergh for some time after that. Meanwhile, something happened that threw new light on the character that had puzzled me. Do you r e m e m b e r that when the hue and cry for the kidnappers was on, Lindbergh, against the advice of the police, got in touch with two men of the underworld who promised to bring his baby back?

I can now see in that incident what I could not see at the time. There is a striking parallel between Lindbergh's dealings with the American gangsters and, years later, his dealings with the

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Nazi leaders who were blackmailing Europe.

It was about the time of Munich when Lindbergh, who had already mystified the remnant of his admirers by dashing from one country to another like an unofficial ambassador, suddenly appeared in Berlin strutting in the wake of the Nazi hierarchy.

Lindbergh had been losing popularity with his fellow countrymen from the moment when he turned his back on them and sought refuge in Britain. That was a blow to their pride, but they could understand it.

Life in America had become intolerable to Lindbergh and his family. It was natural that they should remove themselves from the scene of the tragedy, and should try to escape from the publicity that haunted them. All the same, many Americans resented their hero's desertion of them.

Then, with the news from Berlin came this new blow to their pride. And this time it was a blow to British feelings, too. For Lindbergh and his family had been enjoying British hospitality, and their attitude seemed ungrateful.

Lindbergh in Berlin did not behave as if he were trying to escape from the limelight of publicity. On the contrary. He was the guest of Nazi leaders at banquets and private parties. They showed him their airdromes, their bombers, and their tanks. They impressed him with the show of their strength.

On Lindbergh's breast Göring, himself a pilot, pinned the medal of the Nazi Order of the German Eagle.

Most Americans were profoundly disturbed.

Now let me go back a few years, to another meeting I had with Lindbergh. It was long before he began his European adventures.

It was when Amy Johnson and I flew to America together. Instead of reaching New York we crashed at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Although we were within forty miles of our goal, we had failed, and we were heartbroken.

Two messages came to us. One was from Marshal Balbo, the Italian airman, who was later to lose his life in the war against Britain. He had just made his great flight to America with 100 Italian airplanes. His message was warm, Latin, sympathetic.

"Hard luck," he said. "But it was a great flight all the same."

The second message was from Lindbergh. After Balbo's, it was mildly cool and conventional.

Balbo was one of us. Lindbergh was not and is not.

Next day I saw Lindbergh and talked with him. All Lindbergh could find to talk about, beside aviation, was Britain.

I was delighted to find that his mind had more than one track, after all. I told him that although I was a Scot I loved England. He asked me about English country life.

"Although I am a town bird," I said, "I love the English countryside."

And then he hinted to me that he was thinking of coming to England in search of peace and quietness. I assured him that he would find them here.

Soon after that he did come to this country. Asking to be left alone, he was left alone. He took a country house in Kent, and his third child was born there.

It is strange now to remember that

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less than three years ago Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh declared that she and her husband were going to spend the rest of their lives here.

So far as Lindbergh was concerned, gratitude toward Britain, if it ever existed, soon evaporated.

I MET Lindbergh soon after his arrival in London. Although he had no more to say then than on the other occasions when we had met, I began for the first time to understand him.

It is a tremendous test of character for a man to be suddenly jerked from the obscure insecurity of an air-mail pilot to the blazing insecurity of a popular idol. That happened to Lindbergh in thirty-six hours.

When he took off from New York he was unknown. When he landed at Le Bourget he was the world's greatest celebrity. On his return to America he was acclaimed as World Hero No. 1.

At once he was so rich that he was able to turn down $1,000,000 that members of the New York Stock Exchange offered him on condition that he did not join a commercial aviation firm.

He became president of a great airplane company. Statesmen consulted him on matters with which he had never been concerned, and about which he could have known little. The shy young man with a single-track mind became an authority on almost everything under the sun.

Already there were signs that fame had gone to his head.

He married an heiress and they became almost a Royal Family. But there was no graciousness in his attitude to the crowd who had made him. He assumed an air of superiority that offended many of his most fervent worshippers.

THE kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby—one of the greatest tragedies of that sad era of crime and Prohibition—turned the world's eyes on Lindbergh again. A great wave of human sympathy went out toward the unhappy parents.

But instead of responding in a way that his 127,000,000 fellow-Americans would have understood, Lindbergh affronted them by his aloofness. He seemed to see only the cruel side of the crowd. Himself he must have seen as a man of destiny and a victim of fate.

It is easy to imagine his state of mind. I see in it the key to the strange behavior that has puzzled his former admirers.

Who can be surprised if Lindbergh was deeply impressed by Hitler when the two men met? Each had come from obscurity to dazzling fame. Each had had to remake his whole way of living.

Each had come to despise those who had flattered him and lifted him to the top.

Lindbergh's meeting with the Nazi leaders made a profound impression on him. They showed him their armory, and he was thoroughly scared. He has never recovered from the shock.

Lindbergh's career has warped his character. It would have been far better for him if he had never flown the Atlantic. It would have been better for America and the world if another sort of man had made that first lone flight.

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German diplomacy employs a disarming approach to leaders of 'inferior' races

Hitler's Pawns

By HERMANN RAUSCHNING

London Calling, Overseas Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

BESIDES the conquest of the world, Hitler has a second aim. This is the establishment of a new social system. The two things are very closely connected. If the aspiration after world domination is not to remain pure fantasy, a very special form of government must be devised. It is precisely the apparent logical impossibility of lasting domination which makes many intelligent politicians in the subjugated nations hope that Nazi rule cannot possibly be so bad after all, because the self-contradictory nature of its aims renders its collapse inevitable. Hitler, however, has very definite ideas about the means of domination. Naturally, he does not speak so openly and clearly about them as he does about his peace aims. Nevertheless, what he does tell us of his real intentions is very revealing. Hitler speaks of "ruling peoples." *The* ruling peoples of the world, *par excellence*, are the problematic Aryans, and the core of them is the Nordic German.

Now, if there are ruling peoples, it is obvious that there must also be slave peoples. All nations other than these Aryans are slave peoples; more particularly, all colored races, all Semitic races, all the ancient civilized peoples of the Mediterranean area and their heirs. Here there is no question of equality or the freeing of the oppressed. On the contrary, there are fixed degrees of rank which permit of no passage from one to the other. "Degrees of rank"—that does not sound so bad. And so Hitler has everywhere found open and secret adherents to his teaching of a responsible class ruling over slave masses. These adherents are the convinced missionaries of National Socialism in all countries; they provide the leaders for the Fifth Column. Such people hope to restore the world by establishing a clear distinction between the rulers, among whom they of course include themselves, and the masses, with whom they class everyone else and more especially their own per-

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sonal rivals and opponents. All who make known their adherence to National Socialism will, so these evangelists of Hitlerism secretly announce, be treated by him as associates. They will participate in the advantages of the new order. Hitler, they say, is not really interested in the lasting subjection of all the lands occupied by him, but only in their internal reorganization and their incorporation in his great new social hierarchy.

No element of Hitler's secret doctrine is, in my opinion, responsible for so much confusion as this teaching concerning the rights of the ruling man which is the real kernel of his racial theories. There is, in fact, a certain amount of truth in this belief of his adherents. Whoever does not very closely examine the matter may easily be deceived as to where the frontiers lie between the deception and the real intention. Hitler does, in fact, adopt those cliques which are devoted to him in foreign nations into his ruling class, into his new nobility. He will allow some Dutchmen, some Belgians—and perhaps even some Frenchmen — to participate in the advantages of his ruling class. But people overlook his reason for doing this. He does not simply hand over the subject states to their new ruling class. Rather, he uses his adherents among the subject peoples to terrorize them more effectively.

They are the jailers and the myrmidons who will make his lasting domination possible. No military conqueror can control his conquests indefinitely, if he rules them only with the sword. By including natives of any country among his élite, Hitler creates a ruling class entirely dependent upon him because it can only continue to rule as long as he himself upholds it. The phrases "ruling peoples" and "slave peoples," as Hitler envisages them, have in reality only one object—to make Germany lord of the world and all other nations slaves, with the slave-overseers drawn from the subjugated nations.

What is astonishing is not this p r i m i t i v e and well-known method whereby conquering peoples seek to change their military conquests into permanent domination. What *is* astonishing is the self-deception of the subjected peoples who do not see what is happening to them. In every one of these nations whole classes have been found who eagerly use the opportunity to achieve success and position by making themselves the agents of the conqueror. The tragedy of the age is that because whole nations were caught in a web of apathy and self-deception they did not take measures against these people in time.

Hitler has a special adaptation of his theory for use in those countries which possess colonies. Hitler says:

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"Every colored man is born to slavery." By this means he tries to win adherents in those colonial empires which have begun the process of developing their possessions into independent and self-governing nations. This policy of self-determination undoubtedly entails for the hitherto governing powers a certain degree of sacrifice and renunciation, to which not all the people of these nations are reconciled. Such people lend a willing ear to the Nazi theory that one can rule but not guide: slave peoples must be ruled with a heavy hand. Democracy, freedom and equality are not suitable for colonies. Thus Hitler gains adherents wherever there are people who like to feel that they are "master in their own house" and who resent claims to free development. He offers his partnership to anyone who will give him the opportunity to carry out his ideas.

As late as August 1939, immediately before the outbreak of war, he wooed the partnership of England. "Germany and England," he said, "could together become masters of the world: why then should we fight when the interests of both nations run parallel?" Great Britain withstood this temptation—perhaps the greatest in its history. Long ago Great Britain recognized that there is no such thing as lasting domination. For this reason its imperialism has developed toward ever greater internal freedom and self-government. It has followed a diametrically opposite path to that which Hitler wishes to take. Therefore, it refused to enter into partnership with him.

Partnership—t h a t is t h e card Hitler plays w h e r e v e r he believes that he can o v e r t h r o w powers or nations without conquering them by force of arms. He offered Poland such a partnership. He tried it, temporarily, with Russia. Italy is still his partner. But Italy, too, will experience the same treatment—exactly the same—as the former partner of National Socialism within Germany, the once ruling conservative class. These people had to pay for their partnership with Hitler with complete loss of their rights. Today they belong to the subject classes. The former senior partner has now become the badly paid employee. The same fate is reserved for Italy: she has long been described by popular opinion as a plunderer of corpses and is fundamentally despised.

Hitler seeks new partners throughout the world. He seeks partners in the Near East, and the promises he makes sound quite plausible. His tactics here, as always, are to say exactly the opposite of what he intends. The promises he makes are liberation, complete independence and self-determination for all peoples and races which are today subject to Great Britain and France. Thus he speaks of a Great Arabia, a Pan-Islamic Union, the full sovereignty of all India. These are the same ideas for which he professed to fight when he began to free the German people from the fetters of the Versailles Treaty. In the Near East, too, he appeals to motives which lend support to the credibility of his politician aims. People gladly believe what they wish to believe.

What Hitler really intends to do in the Near East is extremely easy to state. The Near East is the key point for mastering the British Empire, and it means for him that vital raw

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material—petroleum. I am pretty well acquainted with Hitler's real intention from conversations I have had with him. This is perhaps a suitable place to amplify some points that I have already published on this subject. In his most intimate circle, Hitler used to explain that a nation can only be considered a world power if it has access to the open seas. For this reason his political aspirations very soon went beyond the narrow continental outlook of Germans in general and looked for access to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. That was the significance of his colonial demands as well as of his policy in the Near East. He wants to gain a footing on the Pacific Ocean to take possession of Great Britain's inheritance.

Some of his intimates used to object that for this purpose one must become a great sea-power. These objections he refuted by recounting to an enraptured audience visions of a wholesale transference of possessions as the result of a long series of military campaigns and of revolutions. What particularly interested him was the revolutionary disorder which he claimed he could easily produce everywhere. Existing empires must be destroyed, he said, by a new "ruling idea," not merely externally by armies and aircraft. Only by the possession of such an idea would it be possible to seize the inheritance of the former powers.

We have long known what he meant by a ruling idea. With such an idea, he said, it would be easy for him to gain an African basis for the conquest of central and southern Africa, while Italy would be proclaimed the protector of the Islamic peoples of North Africa. An advance through the Balkans, in alliance with a Turkey won over to his side by internal revolution, would insure for him the conquest of the Arabian and Syrian areas, including Iraq, Iran and Egypt. That this might result in a conflict of interests with Italy did not trouble Hitler here any more than elsewhere. Partnership with Italy, like his other pacts, was for him nothing more than the means for gaining temporary aid.

The choice which Hitler saw before him consisted simply in whether he should achieve his aim with England as junior partner for the time being or with England as his opponent. Hitler often spoke to his intimate circle with complete cynicism about the methods by which he would supplant his partner. He was absolutely certain that he could win the English over to his side. He boasted that he was in a position to convince the more sensible English of the absurdity of granting a democratic order and political self-government to the "fellahin and nomadic tribes," as he called them, of the Near East. To try and form national unities out of what he called "these colored races" was an obvious idiocy and against nature. These races respected only force, not humane treatment. The only liberty which they wanted—to plunder and

"Cheerio! See you next raid"

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fight one another—he would give them in abundance. It was sheer waste of time to try to breed hybrid forms of new nations like the Egyptians. It would be much simpler to buy a few of the leaders and play them off against one another.

The question as to how Hitler should carry out his policy, whether with England or, as has actually happened, against England, did not in any way affect the aim. The aim remained that of subjecting all the colored peoples as the first step toward the world empire which he wished to forge from the fragments of the British and French empires. All these peoples and races which are today preparing themselves for independence and self-government interest Hitler only as material for domination. As subject classes they would indeed have much hard work to do, but in no circumstances would they have any claim to independent political life. Once Hitler had conquered the Near East he felt enormous possibilities would be open to him. Through Iraq and Iran he could attack Russia on its most vulnerable flank. On the Persian Gulf he would be on the threshold of the Far East: from here he could control Egypt and the only route through the African Continent.

WILL the decisive help be given him once more by the people he wishes to overthrow? There is something profoundly demoniacal about Hitler's success. He has again and again succeeded in persuading the victims of his ambition to submit themselves to him voluntarily. By some incredible infatuation they believe Hitler represents what they wish him to represent. We are not yet at the end of this path of self-deception. But there will come a day when all this turns against Hitler himself. He will then no longer succeed in destroying established trust or in winning for himself an entirely unjustified confidence.

The magical power will depart from this demon as it departs sooner or later from all "demoniacal" rule. Nothing will remain but a little gray insignificant man who would never have grown big but for the incredible errors of his opponents. His downfall will be as spectacular as his rise to power. Today, when his fortune is at its zenith, his star is already beginning to descend. Hitler has more than once had his horoscope cast. The stars foretell for him a dark future and a terrible end. His astrologers long ago warned him against war. He might long preserve his power in peace, so they counselled. He could go to the very verge of war but not one step beyond. War signified the end of his dream of domination. Other prophecies foretold that his end would occur even this year.

Whether we believe such things or not, it is significant enough that Hitler himself believes in them, or at any rate is afraid they may be true. Secret fear is always the beginning of defeat. Hitler tries to drown his fears in the turmoil of victory and in the ecstasy of an intoxicated spirit which feels itself to be God. We may perhaps be reminded here of the story of Sinbad the Sailor. How did Sinbad in the end get rid of the Old Man of the Sea who was riding him to death? He got rid of him because he made the Old Man of the Sea drunk and so was able to shake him off.

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Practical proof of the adage that
Wild West stories can be harmful

Cowboy Mentor of the Führer

By KLAUS MANN
Kenyon Review, Gambier, Ohio

THE Wild West is still wild and wonderful and very far away—for the boys in Leipzig, Breslau and Hanover. The names of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Rio Grande, Sierra-de-los-Organos, Rianca and Guadalupe, are still charged with romantic spell. Oh, the endless prairies, the glowing sands of the deserts. Oh, those magic nights in the open, under a purple moon and amazing stars that have a so much wilder luster than on European skies! Oh, the martial and yet idyllic life in the wigwam, the stamping buffaloes, the untamed mustangs, the staunch-hearted Sioux! Oh, Winnetou, noble chieftain of the Apaches! Life in those regions is tremendous with danger, and fun. It is perpetual play, and struggle and adventure, gay and bloody. The wicked Ogellallah Indians are forever waiting in ambush for their innocent victims. Everyone is in the habit of spending a large part of his day in ambush—a very cozy but exciting place to be. Valiant Winnetou is always on the alert. Young braves are proud of their scalp collections, much as European boys are of their stamps or butterflies. The villains are shrewd and efficient: but definitely less so than Old Shatterhand, who always rushes into the picture, an experienced *deus ex machina*, just in the nick of time—a fascinating blend of young Siegfried and Tom Mix: smart and bold, tough and charming, generous and swift, exceedingly attractive, fairly cultured, even scholarly, and a shade sadistic. He plans and carries out gigantic butcheries, and his hands still dripping with blood, gives us detailed information on Indian life. For he happens also to be a highly gifted writer, who describes his innumerable adventures with eloquence and verve. On many thousands of pages he cheerfully boasts of his amazing deeds. His vanity is disarming. Over and over he says, *"I am great, I am marvellous"* —and the boys believe it. Millions of young readers in all German-speaking countries were captivated by him for

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decades. He was no mere favorite author: he was an idol, and all these admirers of his were possessed by the one ardent desire of becoming heroic, daring and ingenious like Old Shatterhand.

His real name was Karl May, and he was one of the most popular authors Germany has ever produced. His books have an enormous circulation even today. There is a special Karl May Publishing House, in Radebeul near Dresden, and his former residence, Villa Shatterhand, is open to the public as a Karl May Museum. It contains all the "trophies" ostensibly collected by the author-hero on his adventurous journeys through America and the Orient.

Reading Karl May, imitating and worshipping him, used to be a sort of contagious disease among boys in all parts of Germany and neighboring countries. In the beginning, parents and teachers took objection to this Karl May-mania on the part of the young. Their sound instinct told them that the literary production of this dubious adventurer was sheer trash, and not even harmless at that. They wanted to be sure, however, and therefore started reading Karl May themselves. And they, too, were completely won over. Old Shatterhand's bubbling imagination, his brassy self-confidence, his overwhelming naïveté proved to be quite irresistible.

ONE OF the most ardent Karl May fans was a certain good-for-nothing from Brunau, Austria, who was to rise to impressive heights. Young Adolf was seriously smitten by Karl May, whose works were his favorite, if not his only reading, even in later years. His own imagination, his whole notion of life was impregnated by these Western thrillers. The cheap and counterfeit conception of "heroism" presented by Karl May fascinated the future Führer; he loved this primitive but effective shrewdness: the use of "secret weapons" and terrible tricks, such as carrying prisoners as shields, the brutal cunning of wild animals in the jungle; he was delighted by the glorification of savages. Lazy and aimless, Adolf was perfectly at home in this dubious labyrinth created by a morbid and infantile brain. What the unsuccessful Austrian painter and potential dictator chiefly admired in Old Shatterhand, was his mixture of brutality and hypocrisy: he could quote the Bible with the greatest ease while toying with murder; he carried out the worst atrocities with a clear conscience; for he took it for granted that his enemies were of an "inferior race" and hardly human—whereas he, Old Shatterhand, was a superman, called by God to destroy evil and promote the good. Being the militant incarnation of all good and noble principles, anything he did was necessarily good and noble: his cruelty was praised as heroism, his lack of morals interpreted as admirable ingenuity. The depraved, ambitious youth from Brunau was convinced that that was the way to be. He could see no reason why Old Shatterhand's convictions and tactics should not work if applied to national and international politics. One might conquer civilization by going back to the principles of the jungle. . . . It hardly is an exaggeration to say that Karl May's childish and criminal fantasia has actually—though obliquely—influenced the history of the world.

He was admired not merely as a

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great narrator, but also, or chiefly as a powerful personality—as the hero who had actually faced all the dangers and performed astounding deeds described in his books. There was hardly a reader who dared to question the credibility of his dramatic reports. He had been in the Orient, he had had adventures rivaling the *Thousand-and-One Nights*. In Baghdad and Cairo he took an Arabian disguise and called himself Kara Ben Nemsi, while in the American wilderness he appeared as Old Shatterhand. But underneath he remained the same Karl May, who earned a considerable fortune and even greater fame through his brash inventions. Even some of the critics considered May's fantastic tales a trustworthy representation of the American scene. A French writer, for instance, makes the following statements in his preface to the French version of Karl May's story *The Revenge of the Farmer*:

> The traveller [Karl May] assures us that no single point in his story is invention or exaggeration. He has traveled extensively in the United States, and merely describes what he has actually seen. The peculiarities of the New World no longer shock or surprise him; he is accustomed to them . . . . American morals, no matter what certain admirers of that young civilization might say, are generally inferior to ours: they sometimes lower themselves to abject savagery, especially when it comes to ugly practices of personal revenge . . .

The French admirer adds a few remarks concerning the ghastly custom of lynching—severe words which are undeniably justified in themselves, but have very little to do with Karl May's queer interpretation of American life, and finally draws this conclusion:

> A kind of mutilated Christianity such as we find in that country, is unable to maintain the divine law of Pardon . . . The thirst for both gold and revenge are the two most terrible passions of the Yankee.

THIS enlightened critic must have felt somewhat let down when the ridiculous truth at last transpired; that Herr Karl May in Radebeul near Dresden had been swindling his millions of credulous followers: he had never been in America at all. This was an embarrassing blow to all Karl May fans; but Old Shatterhand's position grew still worse when the question suddenly arose: Then where was he during all those years, which he was supposed to have spent in the United States? The answer was rather a shock!

It was he himself who had foolhardily provoked the whole scandal by bringing an action against the heirs of his former publisher, Mr. Muenchmeyer. This gentleman had published, years before, a series of cheap stories, entitled *Little Roses from the Woods* —rather maudlin stuff with a definitely pornographic flavor. The author hidden behind a romantic pseudonym was no one but Karl May. Since he had meanwhile gained a considerable popularity, Muenchmeyer's heirs thought it opportune to bring out a few editions of these greasy romances —appearing, this time, under the name of the celebrated favorite of German youth. Old Shatterhand—for the first time in his life seriously attacked—desperately tried to defend himself: he claimed that the compromising publications were forgeries, in which essential parts of the original text had been falsified. Winnetou's Great White Brother, however, made a fatal blunder: he should have been

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more aware of his own precarious position.

For the idol of German boyhood turned out to be an ordinary ex-convict who had served many years of severe imprisonment in various Saxon jails. He had been condemned repeatedly for all kinds of theft and forgery. He had stolen everything from billiard balls and gold watches to baby carriages and horses; had cheated peasants and little store-keepers by presenting himself as a famous physician or the agent of an insurance company; one of the fanciful pseudonyms he used on these occasions, was, curiously enough, *Dr. Heilig*—which means Dr. Holy. He had been a pathological liar and a vulgar crook with a definite leaning toward delusions of grandeur. His petty crimes, his underhanded little tricks against society reflect an obvious and rather pitiable inferiority complex. He was born the son of a poor weaver, in a dreary village near Chemnitz, Saxony, and had had a miserable youth. He was exceedingly vain, and very eager to impress a world that had treated him so badly. In the beginning he may have dreamed of becoming a great robber, feared by the rich and envied by the poor. But the only result of his fantastic attempts in this direction was even greater humiliation. So at last he became disgusted with his own identity, his dull and glamorless lot—and decided to transform himself into Old Shatterhand and Kara Ben Nemsi, the heroic adventurer of the Orient. Both were lavishly gifted with all those qualities and virtues in which the real Karl May was so deplorably lacking. Since he himself was mendacious, stingy, sickly and neurasthentic, his exotic "doubles" were naturally generous, charming and athletic. He spent most of the precious years of his youth behind the bars, but the whole world unfolded, before his dream-incarnations, they wandered across American plains and Arabian deserts, romantically garbed as cowboys or Oriental sheiks.

ONCE while being transported from one provincial jail to another, he managed to escape his guards. He disappeared for several months, and it seems likely that he actually spent that period between imprisonments in the South of France, Italy and Egypt. An odd witness to May's visit in Marseille was the French poet Comte de Lautréamont, eccentric and highly gifted forerunner of the modern surréalists. Lautréamont—whose real name was Isidore Ducasse — occasionally mentioned a depraved German whom he had met at Marseille, and who bore an obvious resemblance to Karl May. (The latter incidentally later used Ducasse's aristocratic pseudonym as his own *nom de plume*, changing it slightly into Lautréaumont.)

His Arabian tales, *The Silver Lion* etc., are, of course, as fantastic as his stories of Texas and Arizona. Yet the author seems a trifle more familiar with the French-African background than with America. There is hardly a single detail in his "American" stories, such as *Winnetou*, *Old Surehand*, *The Black Mustang*, *Christmas*, *Winnetou's Heirs*, that is not a total and ludicrous misrepresentation. Atmosphere and landscape, gestures, words and actions are thoroughly un-American. Un-American are the villains—who, for some mysterious reason, are usually presented as Mormons or

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Americans; un-American the noble heroes; utterly un-American above all, is the self-righteous narrator, Old Shatterhand-Karl May. His cold cruelty and the complete absence of any sense of humor even make him a decidedly anti-American type, and the only thing that he does accurately represent is the image of an American adventurer in the mind of a petty criminal from Saxony.

There had been mild protests before against Karl May's immoderate influence over the boys of Germany. But when the appalling facts of his past were revealed, a howl of moral indignation arose throughout the conservative and liberal press. From platforms and pulpits he was ominously labeled the Corrupter of Youth. The milder of his judges declared that he was half-mad. Had he not portrayed, in his famous *Winnetou*, an insane poet, constantly struggling against inward voices and frightful hallucinations? And Karl May, in all his shameful misery, almost believed himself that he was going crazy, and perhaps had never been quite normal. . . . He was abused not only as a thief, an imposter and forger, but also as a voluptuary and sexual pervert. Journalists uncovered and ruthlessly exposed compromising stories concerning his first marriage: his indulgences were described as unspeakable.

He suffered a severe nervous breakdown, and it was cold comfort that a few sporadic voices bravely came out in his defense. A professor named Gurlitt published a pamphlet called *Justice for Karl May!* A few well-meaning critics even expressed an opinion that the author of *Winnetou* might have been in the United States at some time, after all. The main argument for this theory was the fact that Karl May occasionally used, in the German text of his stories, certain American words, which—according to these observers—nobody could possibly know unless he had actually lived among cowboys. The "American" vocabulary that made such an impression on these critics consists mainly of short exclamations such as *He, greenhorn. . . . Ah, devils. . . . Damned. . . .*, or an occasional *Well. . . , Old Boy. . . ,* and *Good Night.* It seems conceivable that even a weaver's son from Chemnitz may have had enough linguistic intuition to grasp the meaning of such words, even without having crossed the Atlantic.

THE problem of whether or not Old Shatterhand had really been on the scene of all his alleged adventures, played a crucial role in the discussions of Karl May's work and character. He himself retired to a purely defensive position, and his statements concerning his American experiences became more and more hazy and ambiguous. He confined himself to rather general statements: that an author, after all, has the natural right to make up stories; that he had never claimed to write only the literal truth; that a certain symbolic element, even a touch of the fairy-tale, were characteristic of his style . . . . and so on.

Karl May, harassed by questions and insulting letters, had decided to assume the attitude of a martyr, a noble victim of bigotry and petty prejudice. He appealed cleverly to the sympathy, the tolerance and psychological understanding of his fellow-citizens. He turned Catholic, and wrote books of a mystic character. Public indignation gradually calmed

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down. Karl May made several extensive voyages with his second wife, Frau Klara May. He tried to refute the slanderous talk about his cowardice and falsehood by venturing on a trip to Egypt. He also crossed the Atlantic with Mrs. May, in 1908, four years before his death. The belated visit to the United States was bound to be d i s a p p o i n t i n g. The elderly couple inspected Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, various Indian settlements, and the grave of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Karl May d i s l i k e d the noisy American cities. He felt that America did not really live up to the grand vision he had so long ago conceived in his Saxon prison cells. Frau Klara wrote a book entitled *With Karl May Across America*. It also includes the story of a second trip to the United States undertaken after her husband's death. The devoted widow then faithfully followed in what she calls "Karl May's footsteps"—probably referring to the fantastic zigzag as outlined in Old Shatterhand's poetical reports. In the Denver Zoo she took a look at *Leo the Lion*—"model of the trade mark of the Mayer-Holdway (?!) films," as she puts it. The proud animal was just celebrating its sixteenth birthday. The German lady was also permitted to shake hands with President Hoover. She sums up her impression of the President:

> President Hoover is a man whose personality fails to arouse warm sympathy, even in America. But as I looked at his sharply chiseled features I was struck by the impression: Here is a man who knows exactly what he wants.

That the German Ambassador introduced May's widow to the White House seems to prove that at the time of his death, in 1912, Old Shatterhand had more or less regained his respected position. For German faith in authority is not easily shaken. And the author of *Winnetou* had established himself as the supreme authority in everything concerning Indians and Arabs, d e s e r t s, jungles a n d prairies, had, indeed, become something like a national institution. Compromised for a short while, he was again to assert his dubious sway over new generations of German boys.

MUCH enthusiasm was wasted, youthful imagination was tainted and confused. A whole generation in Germany grew brutish and ran wild —partly through the evil influence of Karl May. For he had deliberately falsified their picture of foreign countries, and, above all of America, of its landscape and people and its moral code. He had poisoned their hearts and souls with hypocritical morality and the lurid glorification of cruelty. He had entangled the simple notions of truth and falsehood. He anticipated, in a quasi-literary sphere, the catastrophic reality that is now before us; he was the grotesque prophet of a sham Messiah.

The Third Reich is Karl May's ultimate triumph, the ghastly realization of his dreams. It is according to ethical and aesthetic standards indistinguishable from his, that the Austrian house-painter, nourished in his youth by Old Shatterhand, is now attempting to rebuild the world. His murderous minions are perverted romanticists, infantile, criminal, irresponsible. They are hopelessly estranged from both reality and art, sacrificing all civilization and all common sense.

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One opinion is that Germany does not propose to partition France

Meaning of the French Defeat

By MARCEL DEAT

L'Oeuvre, Former Radical-Socialist Daily, Paris.

IF POLITICAL sentimentalism is suited to tranquil times, only the most brutal realism should be employed in difficult times. Our paramount interest today is to save all of essential France. Everything else is irrelevant. Therefore, let Britain perish, if she must; our comradeship with her of yesterday is valueless now. Finally, let us not concern ourselves with other than our immediate troubles, particularly where they contribute nothing to our relations vis-à-vis Germany.

Germany has reduced us to military impotence. She has wreaked a terrible revenge for 1918, and she intends to enjoy to the full all the fruits of her victory. We are unable to prevent her from doing so, since we can employ no force against her.

All that being true, we should review our position and consider our chances of survival. In my opinion, those chances are plentiful. Certain well-defined conditions now obtain: our will to survive has been affirmed everywhere, our morale has solidified and our internal revolution is resolved. That being so, Germany can scarcely find any advantage in dealing a mortal blow to wounded France; the most self-evident interests of the Reich demand that, on the contrary, Germany must aid France to resurrect herself.

French resources remain such, moreover, that under no circumstances could Germany desire the destruction of French economy. In the event, indeed, of stubborn non-co-operation by the French, rather than inflict reprisals Germany would prefer to occupy all of this nation and set up its own administration. And that fact is, incidentally, another reason why Frenchmen should not give Germany any cause or pretext to take any such step. But it is only plausible to believe that any such undertaking by Germany—that is, the occupation and administration by the Reich of all of France—would not be a measure particularly welcomed by the rulers of the Reich. Nor can one nation itself administer

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all of Europe, even given such reserves in manpower as Germany possesses. In practice, any such attempt would prove unsatisfactory in the extreme.

Accordingly, for the Germans as well as in our own interests, it is of the utmost importance that we arrive at a satisfactory agreement.

What this accord will stipulate depends in great measure on what we accomplish during the present inter-

mediate period, and from the attitude we adopt toward Germany. But one point may be stated with finality: France is not to be regarded as a territory for foreign settlement or colonization. While it is true that the density of our population in France is not great, nevertheless this country does not offer to German expansion the immense spaces, for example, of the steppes to the East.

We should accept literally the well-known principles of Hitler with respect to race and language. The French may not be a race, properly speaking, since all the bloodstreams of Europe run in its people; but we form a compact unity, and no racial theory can argue the breaking or mutilation of that unity.

It is out of the question to suppose that there can be any transfer to France of German-speaking peoples. France's power of further absorption has been exhausted. And if we now consider the major resources of our nation, we see that they are agricultural, in large degree. That immediately suggests an exchange of our agricultural products with the industrial goods made by Germany, thus completing each other's economy. The conception of exchange between nations implies the capacity of the customer to buy, and not the starvation of the defeated.

With respect to our factories and our mining resources, the partition of our territory would present no advantage to anyone within the framework of a general economic accord between Germany and France. The production of certain goods in one country are inter-dependent on production of others in the second nation—as, for example, the iron ore of Lorraine and the coke of the Ruhr districts. Finally, the interplay of financial participation between the two nations should serve to resolve all practical difficulties that may be encountered.

From the foregoing reasoning, Frenchmen should be able to conclude—without indulging in meaningless optimism—that the domestic interests of Germany demand the loyal co-operation between our two countries. But if we are to make this clear to the Reich, we must cease hypnotizing ourselves over the tragedy that has befallen us, and we need not drape ourselves in the dignity of the newly poor. France must boldly confront the consequences of that tragedy. Confidence in ourselves we can only derive from ourselves.

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Mustapha El-Maraghi, the 'Pope of Islam,' is the world's foremost Moslem

The Power Behind Egypt's Throne

By ARTHUR SETTEL

YOU WILL not find Maraghi's name in any who's who in the English language, or in any in the Arabic language, for such does not exist. I spent several days thumbing religious encyclopedias of every description in a vain effort to determine the extent of his fame in the West. I found nothing. What is more, inquiry among New York's Arabic community was wasted effort. Even the current Egyptian Government almanac, English-French edition, merely lists Maraghi as the Sheikh of Al-Azhar University, age *circa* seventy. There is passing reference to him in two or three recent volumes by erudite scholars dealing with obscure doctrines in Islam. No authoritative book of reference overlooks Al-Azhar but, by and large, the aged Sheikh, now at the height of his power—at an altitude never before attained by any Chancellor of the University—is almost completely unknown in this country. And, it should be added, this is the first article ever published by an American magazine on Mustapha el-Maraghi who is unquestionably the world's foremost Moslem not excepting King Ibn Saud of Arabia.

Mohammed Mustapha el-Maraghi was born of an indigent peasant (*fellahe'en*) family in an Assuit village called Sahel Salim (Badari), which lies athwart the Nile Valley and the Western Desert. His father eked a miserable living out of someone else's farm. One of many children, Mustapha was a favorite and therefore privileged to study the Koran with the local teacher. The latter, a somber figure in turban and flowing black gown, would move from place to place helping boys to memorize the ninety-nine names of God and then, when they had mastered these, the *Fatihah* or opening stanzas of the Holy Book of Islam. Mustapha, a bright lad with a tenacious brain, memorized half of the 79,934 words in the Koran at the age of ten. His *alam*, or teacher, was so proud that he urged Maraghi elder to send Mus-

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tapha to Al-Azhar. Thither, with the blessing of his parents and of the whole village which gave him a hilarious send-off, the boy repaired in order to enter upon a career destined to bring him into a pivotal position unsurpassed by Caliph Abdul Medjid or his predecessors.

In 1880 or thereabouts, when Mustapha (we can safely drop his first name, Mohammed, since that is the given name of almost every Moslem) stood before the examining committee of Al-Azhar, the Nile Valley was a mere province of the Ottoman Empire whose Sultan had just ousted Ismail as the Khedive of Egypt. The latter introduced a program of modernization but at such great cost that the treasury was depleted and national credit ruined. The imperial powers of Europe were in a mad scramble for what they could snatch from the ill-advised, badly governed country whose colossal wealth was still to be exploited.

Through this political and economic upheaval, Al-Azhar passed unscathed. Substantially like the original mosque-university-seminary built nine centuries earlier, it was an impregnable fortress of Moslem orthodoxy. Its faculty, carefully selected from successive waves of graduate *Ulema*, clung tenaciously to its semi-independence, owing allegiance only to God, the Prophet and the Sultan of Turkey. True, the Khedive (provincial ruler of Al-Azhar) appointed a chancellor for Al-Azhar but the *Ulema* could bring pressure—using their prestige as shepherds of the faithful—in favor of their own man. The Grand Cadi or Judge, who was appointed by Constantinople—a prerogative that went with the Ottoman Empire—was superior to the Rector of Al-Azhar. Nevertheless, it would have taken more than the power of a Sultan or a Grand Cadi to make a dent in the iron-bound tradition by which Al-Azhar was operated.

WHEN Mustapha el-Maraghi entered Al-Azhar, his career was severely circumscribed within certain limits. He could qualify as a canon lawyer or judge in a Moslem court, a teacher of Arabic, a leader of the public prayer, a preacher in a mosque, a chanter of the Holy Koran on public or private occasions. As a student he would be fed, clothed and housed by the Government which would pay him a regular salary available either in cash or in loaves of bread. Apart from the necessity of learning the Koran by heart and the commentary, a snatch of algebra and logic, he wouldn't have to bother his head about anything. Such quaint, alien superstitions as the natural sciences, mechanics, political history, economics, hygiene, were taboo or otherwise ignored. The rest of the world could go to the devil for all that he or Al-Azhar cared. Al-Azhar was a sanctuary from the indecent Occident. Why, when one of young Mustapha's teachers mentioned the mundane fact that some mad infidels were going to dig a canal through the ninety-mile isthmus of Suez, the scholars reported him to the *Ulema*. Later, when the unfortunate Sheikh was strolling through the Khan-el-Khalil, he was caught in a volley of eggs, ripe figs and decayed melon.

Most scholars at Al-Azhar University require sixteen years to pass the comprehensive examinations required for the much coveted certificate

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of graduation. But many scholars never pass the comprehensive, which is comparable to the ordeal through which all doctors of philosophy must pass. Being without a profession, they spend all their lives in the classroom (at Government expense, of course). Consequently the student body is a potpourri of old, middle-aged and young men and boys. They live in odoriferous dormitories (*riwaks*) and eat in small, open restaurants which abound in the Al-Azhar quarter. Most classes are held in the vast, open, stone courtyard of the mosque where studies are interrupted six times daily for general prayers to which the public is admitted. All who enter these precincts must first remove their shoes. The shoes are left standing in long rows at the threshold. Scholars in their black or white gowns and turbans study in groups around their respective teachers each of whom has a special pillar in the mosque courtyard. There are 375 such pillars. Much importance is attached by a Sheikh to his own pillar. The names of his predecessors inscribed thereon are a source of great pride. A teacher reads aloud from his textbook. Students are not expected to ask annoying questions, for the printed word is usually the last word. When a recitation period is over, the Sheikh reads short excerpts from Koran, each scholar kisses the erudite hand and asks Allah's blessing.

Graduate Sheikhs are a privileged class. As the wise men of Islam, they are expected to impart their knowledge without earthly reward. Unfortunately, men must eat whether they are messengers of the Prophet or courtiers of the King. The Sheikhs eke out a miserable existence by private instruction and by copying manuscripts. Only a select few are privileged to join the faculty Ulema of Al-Azhar. The latter have life jobs at the munificent salary of £20 a month. The Rector receives £5,000 per annum, the equivalent of $500 a week. His Eminence enjoys absolute power over the Ulema in whom is vested absolute power over the students. After graduation the alumni constitute a formidable army of missionaries,—for Islam, for Egypt, for Al-Azhar and currently for Mustapha el-Maraghi.

MARAGHI is seventy-three. He is a graduate of Al-Azhar. He educated himself by reading the works and cultivating the friendship of one Mohammed Abdou, a leading reformer and theorist who was himself a Rector of Al-Azhar and who was sent into exile for his pains. There once appeared a report in The New York *Times* to the effect that Maraghi was a student at Columbia University, a report unconfirmed in Cairo and denied on Morningside Heights.

In 1922, on the recommendation of Abdou who at that time had influence with the Palace, Sheikh Maraghi was appointed Presiding Justice in the Moslem Courts in Sudan. His decisions showed the man to be half-cast, so far as reform is concerned. A fanatic in his faith, he recognized the need for ridding Islam of its "accumulations." Highly sensitive to the backwardness of Islam, he nevertheless admitted that it could be remedied only by slow, torturous steps. He saw too that Egypt, foremost of Moslem nations, repository of Arabic culture, and home of Arabic literature, held out the only hope for the future.

In 1928, at the age of fifty-nine,

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Maraghi was appointed to the Chancellory of Al-Azhar as a reward for his political activity in the cause of Egyptian independence while in Sudan, and for his brilliant conduct as a Justice. He was jubilant over the opportunity to give form, through the medium of the university, to his hope of revitalizing the faith.

A few months after his appointment, Maraghi opened his campaign. In a memorandum addressed to King Fuad, under date of August 4, 1928, he unleashed a tirade without precedent in Al-Azhar's history. Pointing out that at the root of Egypt's backwardness and therefore of the backwardness of Islam, was the antiquated educational system of Al-Azhar, he stormed: "Even while the rest of the world forges ahead, the position of Eastern nations is low and we are content with it." Without mentioning Turkey, under malediction by the faithful, the venerable Sheikh asserted: "We must avoid everything shown false," adding a plea for study of the "true sources of Islam."

"It is essential for Islam to have a knowledge of the Arabic language," Maraghi thundered, "its sciences and

philology, the history of the world, its religions, beliefs, the origin of legal systems other than our own, of the science of social relationships.

"I am free to confess that the results [of twenty years of effort to reform Al-Azhar] grieve all who love their nation and religion."

Throw out sectional prejudices, Maraghi urged. "Prune our doctrines and worship of superfluity." Change our precedents so that "they conform with the times in which we are living."

Then, continuing on an easier note, he pleaded, "Let us study other religions and compare them with Islam so that Islam's adaptability and holiness and superiority over other religions may appear in all countries where there is a multiplicity of religions."

In view of the fact that it is a religious precept that the Koran be read and studied in the Arabic language, and that it may not be translated into any other tongue, the Koran and with it the language in which it was written have become the major cultural asset in the life of all Moslem peoples, irrespective of the race to which they belong. When Sheikh Maraghi emphasized the necessity for Islam's acquiring a knowledge of Arabic, he was in effect reproaching the overwhelming majority of his co-religionists, for only 40,000,000 out of the world's 300,000,000 Moslems can use the language. The percentage of Jews who know biblical Hebrew is greater.

In voicing the necessity for comparing Islam with other faiths, Maraghi cleared the way for a major reform he was later to recommend, a reform destined to bring down upon his head an opposition more vehement than anything Egypt has ever known. The

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reform was a simple proposal that the Koran be translated into English by a Moslem and published under the imprimatur of Al-Azhar. Such a translation is, incidentally, being made in India by Leopold Weiss, a German-Jewish refugee who became a convert and changed his name to Mohammed Assab. Al-Azhar has not yet decided whether to approve Assab's translation.

WHEN an outraged emergency meeting of the Al-Azhar Ulema had recovered from Maraghi's onslaught, it demanded a retraction or, alternatively, the Rector's resignation. They even hinted that, failing to have their demand satisfied, they would strike—something that had never before happened in the thousand years of Al-Azhar's pacific history. Opposition to the Rector was echoed in the daily press and spread among the masses. It gathered momentum as time went by and in 1930 Maraghi was forced to resign.

But events were on the side of the Chancellor. The students hated his successor, a rubber-stamp fundamentalist named Ahmed el-Zawahry. They were witnessing with dismay the swift development of secular education all around them. Cairo, one of the leading cities in the Orient with a population of over 1,000,000, had its own Government-endowed University where students were offered courses in the arts and sciences. The American University of Cairo, built in 1928 at a cost of $150,000, offered attractive courses under competent scholars. Moreover, applicants for the best Government jobs were required to have a liberal education in addition to training in the lore of Islam.

Demands for the reinstatement of Maraghi and the resignation of Zawahry increased steadily. In 1935, feeling crystallized and the students of Al-Azhar, supported by an eloquent minority of the Ulema, declared a strike that lasted two months. The University was forced to close, to the dismay of Mohammedans everywhere. Egypt was horrified. Voices from far-away nations were heard in protest against this sacrilege. At last Zawahry resigned and Maraghi was recalled by King Fuad.

The return of Mustapha el-Maraghi marked a turning point in Azharite history. Hitherto a medieval institution with a semblance of independence and in fact just one of the many facets of Royal authority, Al-Azhar was now to become a residency of the real power in Egypt. Events of far-reaching importance occurred in swift succession, and perhaps a personality even less commanding than that of Sheikh Maraghi would have been catapulted into supreme power.

The most momentous of these events was the death of King Fuad in April 1936 and the succession of his sixteen-year-old son Farouk to the Throne. The bewildered, ingenuous boy naturally turned to his old teacher, Mustapha el-Maraghi, for counsel in this critical hour. And the latter, fully conscious of the pivotal position into which he had been thrust, has given his advice freely and continually since.

It was a critical period for Egypt. The nation felt itself threatened with Italian invasion. The Wafd, the party machine in power, had bludgeoned the Council of Regency and its senile Heir Presumptive, Prince Mohammed Ali, into impotence. Britain, jittery of an Anglo-Italian war over Ethiopia, con-

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ceded that the time had come for granting Egypt her independence.

In August of that year, the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty was initialled in London and Farouk found himself king of a free nation. His Prime Minister, Mustapha el-Nahas Pasha, a self-seeking politician with enormous influence among the masses, was in the saddle and had every intention of remaining there.

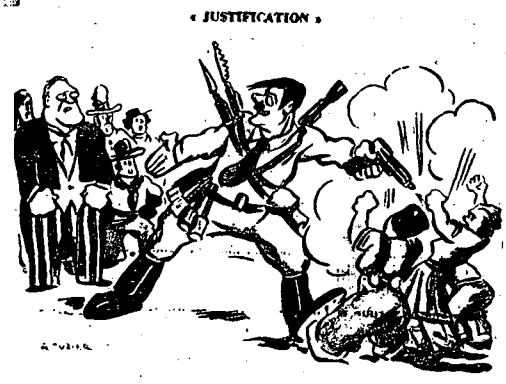
The Rector of Al-Azhar, motivated by what he believed to be the welfare of the nation (which he identified with the welfare and well-being of the faith), was an old foe of the Wafd. In general he hated the Wafd on the grounds that it made a good deal of noise without accomplishing much. He saw through its corruption and hated its nepotism. In particular, he discerned in Nahas Pasha marked pro-fascist leanings. And he had no use for Nahas's chief lieutenant and alter ego, William Makram Ebeid, the Minister of Finance, and a Coptic Christian. Maraghi was determined to rid the nation of the Wafd and its masters. And it is not surprising that the King was of similar mind.

THE aged Sheikh acted with superb skill and decisiveness. He called together the Council of Regency and instructed its members that Egypt wanted Farouk to assume his powers at the earliest possible moment. Toward that end, the date of the Royal birthday was to be advanced in accordance with Moslem religious years which are about ten days shorter than calendar years. When this news reached the Prime Minister, he was taken aback. He said he would not stand for it. He added that the Government ought to be consulted on a matter of such moment. Maraghi retorted that Egypt was a Moslem nation and that if necessary he would take the dispute to the people.

Nahas Pasha was silenced, but only for a few days. He launched a nation-wide campaign intended to enhance his personal prestige. By making personal appearances everywhere, timed to coincide with the public appearances of King Farouk, he alienated the sympathy of the influential *effendi* class and those very circles whose support he needed most. There ensued what was to all appearances a popularity contest between the King and his Prime Minister but the outcome was a foregone conclusion.

Maraghi surpassed himself with his strategy. He would direct withering ridicule against the unfortunate Prime Minister who, because of his obesity and strabismus, became the delight of every cartoonist in Cairo. The Palace-controlled press scored a new high in abuse, calling Nahas Pasha every name in the rich Arabic vocabulary. One newspaper said he was a madman and insisted upon an investigation of his sanity. Another called him a feeble echo of his Finance Minister.

Under the influence of Mustapha el-Maraghi, King Farouk acted swift-



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ly. He dismissed Nahas Pasha with a curt "thanks" for his services in the cause of Egyptian independence (Nahas was principal signatory to the London Treaty). He appointed a lifelong friend of Maraghi to the chair of Prime Minister. He railroaded the country into a costly election in which, of course, the Wafd was miserably beaten. To divert attention from the last, the King proclaimed his forthcoming marriage to a charming young girl of a good Egyptian family named Farida Zulficar.

So intense was interest in the Royal wedding that few persons, apart from the upper class of educated *effendis*, realized that a coup d'etat of capital importance was taking place under their very noses. The elections were a fraud which I, as representative of a British news agency, was privileged to observe first hand. Tens of thousands of dead men, recruited from the famous cemetery of the Mamelukes, voted. Wafdists were turned away from the ballot boxes by troops. One dusky gentleman, a *boab*, or doorman, by profession, told me he had voted twenty-three times, earning more on election day than he generally made in the course of a month.

The Wafd cried fake and the Wafdist press howled false. The sedate *Observer* of London commented caustically that suffrage in the Nile Valley had been made retroactive. The victorious Palace Party paid no attention, proceeding with its plans for a shake-up in the Government, the introduction of numerous reforms and an elaborate rearmament program.

Maraghi was now in a position to promote the cause nearest to his heart, revitalization of education in Al-Azhar and the subsequent rehabilitation of Islam itself. The old man's astonishing vitality is evident in the recent history of Egypt. On January 1, 1937, Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha succeeded Nahas as Prime Minister. On January 20, King Farouk was married. In March the Wafd Party was swept out of office. On July 7 the Eastern Pact with Turkey, Iran, Iraq and Afghanistan was concluded at Teheran. The Capitulatory régime was ended at Montreaux. A treaty with Ibn Saud, Wahabi King of Arabia, was implemented. Farouk's sister, the Princess Fawzia, was duly wedded to Crown Prince Riza Pahlevi of Iran in the venerable presence of the Rector of Al-Azhar, who signed the marriage contract.

Criticized for his interest in politics, Sheikh Maraghi replied in an interview published in *Al Misri*, official organ of the Coptic Christian community in Egypt, on May 3, 1938. His Eminence said:

"No Moslem can say that he does not engage in politics. Were he to say so, he would be ignorant of his religion. I personally wish to see Islam rule over the social life of Egypt, because the great majority of the inhabitants of this country are Moslems, and because the official religion of Egypt is Islam and none other."

WHEN the phrase "the power behind the Throne" was used to describe Maraghi, he condemned it as typical newspaper man's language. But the *Palestine Post*, an authoritative English daily published in Jerusalem, published a story in June 1938, which said in part:

"Of all the counsellors who come into constant contact with King Fa-

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rouk, the Rector of Al-Azhar is probably the only one who exercises a real influence over him. And he is assiduous in his attendance."

Many newspaper correspondents not given to flippancy have reported on the authority of persons close to Sheikh Maraghi that His Eminence would like very much to put King Farouk into the post once held by Caliph Abdul Medjid who was deposed by action of the Turkish Chamber in 1924. They see in this ambition an important step toward the realization of Maraghi's dream of a united Islam. As evidence they offer Maraghi's frequent declarations on the subject of pan-Arabism. They add, with justification, that the student body of Al-Azhar could not behave as it does without advice from above. On January 20, 1938, these students, on congregating beneath the Palace balcony in Cairo whereon the King and Sheikh Maraghi were acknowledging the acclaim of the populace, put up a great shout which was taken up by the whole assemblage.

"Long live the pious King, Caliph of Islam!" they cried. "The Koran is our constitution! Farouk is our Caliph! Maraghi is our *Imam*!"

One can cite countless reports published in the newspapers of the Near East as well as those of London, supporting the belief that Maraghi is quietly laying the groundwork for a unified structure in Islam. The significance of such a union to the West is apparent. It might mean a new struggle between East and West, based on religious lines. It might mean the end of Western hegemony in the Orient. It might signalize a new invasion of Europe by Islam.

In the event that such an eventuality ever comes to pass, a large part of the credit must go to the aged Sheikh al-Islam, Mustapha el-Maraghi, Rector of the University of Al-Azhar.

Men With Teaspoons

Today most of the emphasis is on mobilizing man-power, and yet we know that this war is really a question of machine power, with "man-power" translated into "will-power."

I watched a squad of the Home Guard digging a trench. They were all amateurs, in normal times probably employing gardeners to do their digging while they played golf or trimmed the roses. They were "going to it" with creditable gusto but little appreciable result.

And I was reminded of the retort of Dr. Maude Royden to a man who pointed to a giant mechanical digger nonchalantly scooping up earth by the half-ton, said: "If it wasn't for that machine there would be work for thousands of men with spades." "Or," countered Dr. Royden, "millions of men with teaspoons."

—Ritchie Calder in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

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The successes of tanks and planes do not eliminate the need of men in the mass

Not to Overlook the Infantry

By VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS

Nineteenth Century, London Independent Monthly

SO MUCH is written about tanks and aircraft that one feels almost inclined to apologize for mentioning infantry. But these still have their use. They are, perhaps, scarcely less important than they were in previous wars. Mr. Churchill, in a speech this summer described how: " . . . the German eruption swept like a sharp scythe around the right and rear of the Armies of the North . . . behind this armored mechanized onslaught came a number of German divisions in lorries, and behind them again, comparatively slowly, there plodded the dull brute mass of the German Army."

It was inevitable that the swift spectacular successes of the German armored divisions should have most profoundly impressed the public, but, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it was the fashion in which their operations were supported at every stage, first by lorry-borne and then by marching German infantry divisions which converted them into a decisive victory instead of a mere raid. The German armored divisions were the spearhead of the attack, but it was the German Army, as a whole, which provided the shaft and impetus which carried the attack forward. We have here a combination of very fast, moderately fast, and comparatively slow units, familiar enough to every student of naval tactics and design, and familiar enough in the history of land warfare also. There was no "new technique of attack," rather was there an adaptation to modern conditions of the tactics of Cannæ and the Trebbia, of the spirit and methods of Ziethen and Seidlitz.

The part played by infantry, if obscured by that of the other arms, was of far greater importance than is popularly realized. In the sense that they fought on foot, parachutists, motorcyclists, were all infantry. Mr. Churchill told of three British battalions plus one of tanks and some French, a total of some 4,000 men who held Calais for four days against two German armored divisions and

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made possible the subsequent successful evacuation of Dunkirk. It is a story which suggests certain questions as to how many days and how many German armored divisions would have been needed to take Calais had there been thirty British battalions available and ten of tanks, and why was it that at so critical a juncture there was nothing but this pitiful heroic handful? German infantry played by no means a role of "innocuous desuetude." The failure of our counter-attack of May 28 is officially ascribed to the "presence of German infantry," an attack by two brigades, Fifty-first Division, supported by French heavy tanks, failed owing to "mines and machine-gun fire." The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, Mr. E. A. Montague, in a dispatch, June 13, says:

"The Germans seem to have driven us back chiefly by the means of the most reckless and wasteful use of infantry . . . at times almost all arms of our force were acting as infantry to repel them."

AT A TIME when we are reconstituting and reorganizing our armies, it is urgent that war experience should be seen in true perspective. We cannot afford to have new fallacies for old, the theory, "We do not need millions of men because modern wars are waged by machinery," is an even greater fallacy than that equally attractive doctrine, "the superiority of the defensive."

The machine in peace redistributes labor but does not supplant it. The machine produces wealth but cannot consume the wealth it produces. The only people who can do this are the people who own and operate the machines, and these cannot expend the wealth due to machines without giving employment to human labor in some form or other. Thus the net result of the economy due to the machines, the increased resources available, is the development of a new series of social desires and aspirations, meaning the development of a new range of industries, and the reabsorption of the human labor temporarily displaced, there ensues an ever-increasing specialization and sub-specialization of industry, an increasing demand for human labor. This is a process which, with temporary fluctuations, has been constant since the latter half of the eighteenth century, the social phenomena due to the rise of great industrial cities are familiar to us all, and we can see the process of throwing off new industries in the "wireless," the film, and various other instances. Despite the mechanization of industry, the number of people employed in industry today is far greater than in Nelson's time instead of being less. Moreover, there is no such thing as any "master" machine, every machine has its distinct function, all are interdependent, the one upon the other. Again, the value of the machine depends upon the man who uses it, the more highly developed the machine the higher the standards of human skill and intelligence required to use it, the more tragic the consequences of errors in its use. Despite the evolution of machine tools, hand tools are still needed—you do not use a Nasmyth steam-hammer to crack a walnut—handsaws, axes, spades, etc., are still required. To solve any practical industrial problem in peace time means first the human side, planning, organization, "drive," then it is a matter of

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team work between a variety of machines and the skilled workers who use them, supported by hand workers. All these factors apply to military operations also.

Weapons are the tools of the soldier's trade; he has his machine tools, tanks, aircraft and the like—his hand machines, rifles, machine guns, bombs —which compare with hand drills and so on—his hand tools, daggers, bayonets, clubs. Never forget that guns, rifles, machine guns, bombs, are all just as much machines as tanks and aircraft, and that success is a matter of planning, "drive," and of skilled workmanship, a matter of establishing the right combination between all the tools of battle necessary to solve any particular problem. Talk of a "master weapon" for war is just as nonsensical as would be talk of a "master" machine for peace.

In war, as in peace, it is the human element which dominates. Wars are not waged by machines but by men who use machines. Just as the mechanization of peace industry has led to the redistribution of labor, and to the progressive evolution of new industries, so the mechanization of war has led to a redistribution of personnel, and to the progressive evolution of new arms and new services. Aircraft mean A.A. guns, searchlight detachments, and so on, tanks mean anti-tank guns, mine-laying detachments, etc., the general effect being greatly to increase the demands for personnel instead of diminishing it.

THE mechanization of fleets vividly illustrates this principle. Nelson's *Victory*, a wooden sailing ship, needed only 812 men. Jellicoe's *Iron Duke*, needed more than 1,200; Nelson, at Trafalgar, had twenty-seven "capital" ships with 17,486 men, he had three frigates and a sloop. These took no part in the battle, but if we include them the total is thirty-one units with 18,500 men. Jellicoe, at Jutland, had thirty-six "capital" ships with 33,838 men, thirty-four cruisers and light cruisers with 16,837 men, and seventy-seven destroyers with 6,208 men, a total of 147 units with 56,883 men. The leadership problem to be solved was infinitely more complex. Nelson had not to organize teamwork between battleships, cruisers, and destroyers, he had not to consider mines and submarines or visibility as affecting long-range fire control.

Our wooden fleet reached its maximum (in 1809), 728 warships, displacing 501,596 tons, its maximum personnel (1810), 145,000. In 1914, after ninety years of mechanization, and whilst still at peace, we had 648 warships displacing 2,333,223 tons, manned by 146,000 men; by 1918 this strength had increased to 1,354 warships, displacing 3,247,078 tons, manned by 407,316 men, to which came 754,111 tons auxiliary ships, an office staff of 9,820, an industrial staff of 105,024, there were 408,000 men in dockyards and repairing establishments, plus 59,887 women.

Fleets, armies, air forces, are elastic organisms which react to war menace and war strain. The more we use machines, the more we need men. It is an illusion to believe that this movement, which is part of a general social movement, can fly off at a tangent owing to the use of particular weapons. The maximum peace strength of the German Army (1914) was 791,185; its maximum peace

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strength (1939) was not less than 1,200,000 men. At the Marne, 1914, the Germans had some seventy-two divisions, at the Battle of France they had fifteen armored divisions plus 150 infantry divisions, which does not include the units holding Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and the Siegfried Line. The French, with not more than sixty divisions available, were swamped not only by superior weight of machinery but by superior numbers of men.

General de Gaulle is a great patriot and a great soldier, but it is untrue that the Germans reorganized their army in accordance with his teachings. *Vers l'armée de métier* was published in 1934, the very year the Germans began their military expansion. Whereas De Gaulle urged a voluntary professional army, 100,000 men, organized into six heavy and one light armored divisions (What chance would an army organized on these lines have had against twice the number of German armored divisions plus the mass of German infantry?) the Germans transformed their voluntary professional army, the *Reichswehr*, into a conscript army; De Gaulle, in his later writings, disapproved of the Maginot Line, the Germans built the Siegfried Line.

EVERY doctrine taught to an army in peace is a mixture of truth and error, to discern where truth ends, and error begins, needs great practical experience with men, ground and weapons. Where such experience is lacking, among the most grievous sources of error is the specialist so carried away by enthusiasm for a particular weapon or method, whether for attack or defense, as to lose his sense of proportion. It was this mentality which produced the cult of the defensive. The Germans had the advantage of the Kondor Legion in Spain which gave them the chance to test their theories under practical war conditions; then, due to their totalitarian system of government, they could hold maneuvers upon a far larger scale, and under much more realistic conditions, than was possible for ourselves or the French. Their system was based not upon the professional army but upon the very opposite principle, the nation in arms. Theirs was the triumph of a far-sighted dynamic war-leadership, utilizing every wile known to human ingenuity to bewilder, confound and divide the enemy, waiting with brooding patience for the right moment to strike, gathering behind it the full strength of the entire German nation, and utilizing every arm and every service, when the psychological moment had come, with relentless effort and in balanced co-ordination. It is no disparagement of De Gaulle to say that the actual spirit and conduct of the German operations show a very much broader, and it must be added, a very much sounder, standpoint, than is to be found in *Vers l'armée de métier*.

The German success was due to the use of masses of tanks in the right combination with masses of aircraft, masses of guns, masses of infantry, but these methods would not have been so successful but for the poor quality of the French leadership, with the consequent poor *morale* of the French troops. We cannot afford blindly to imitate enemy methods temporarily successful. To beat the enemy we must out-think him, and the

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more we give to out-thinking him, and to out-building him in the provision of the necessary means for battle, the easier we shall find it to out-fight him when the right time has come. Bombing, blockade, will not be enough. To smash the Nazi system we must win decisive victories on land. But despite all her conquests, our real enemy continues to be the eighty-five million Germans. These millions have now a tremendously long coastline to defend, and must fight amid disaffected populations. The mobility of sea power is in our favor. Air superiority is a vital factor, but must be supported by the movements of armies on the right scale, at the right time, and equipped in the right manner. To exploit the mobility of sea power, we want land mobility, too, but this mobility must be allied with sheer weight and smashing power. The tank is a very powerful weapon, but it is not a mechanical Beecham's Pills warranted painlessly to cure every military ailment and at shortest possible notice; it needs support from the other arms, guns, aircraft, infantry. We must set ourselves to acquire weapon superiority, superior efficiency in all types of guns, tanks, machine guns, rifles, etc. At sea, we strive incessantly to be superior in all types of warship to the enemy, this principle we must apply on land. But once you have raised the power of the unit to the *n*th degree, and secured the maximum of human efficiency to boot, superiority can be expressed only by superior numbers of such units.

As F. T. Jane put it, writing on fleets (*The British Battlefleet*):

"Tactics may alter, the means may alter, and the most obvious instruments of naval strategy do the same. But nothing whatever can affect the bedrock truth that, given equal efficiency, 'numbers only can annihilate.' Given the equal efficiency, nothing else really matters."

At sea we not only aimed at superiority in types of units but in numbers of units, the cry was, "Two keels to one over the German Navy." The present political structure of Europe is too artificial to last long. The more powerful the army at our disposal, the greater the assurance we can give of prompt and efficient military support, the sooner the other governments of Europe will pluck up courage in helping us to break Nazi domination for good and all.

SUBJECT to the supreme requirements of the Fleet, and urgent needs of the Air Force, we must have the largest Army this Empire can stand, equipped with the most efficient weapons science can produce and money can buy, and trained to the maximum efficiency in the use of such weapons. In the future Waterloo, the British infantryman, whether airborne, or lorry-borne, or marching on foot, will play a vital role. Many people, in their absorption with the armored ship at sea, forget the very important part played by unarmored warships. Of our 1,354 warships of 1918, not more than about one hundred were armored, of the total naval tonnage of that time, 3,247,078, not more than one-third went to armored ships. The rest were destroyers, light cruisers, armed merchant cruisers, motor craft, and so on. The command of the sea was a matter of teamwork between armored and unarmored warships. The same principles apply to land warfare.

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Persons and Personages

ANOTHER 'TRAITOR'

National-Zeitung, Basle, Liberal Daily

APPARENTLY the Vichy Government has lost its prize scapegoat. Georges Mandel seemed ideally suited for the role. He is a Jew. In spite of the high position he had reached, he had never enjoyed the favor of the masses, and his anti-appeasement views were well-known to the public. But early in October it was announced that a military court in Meknes, Morocco, had some time before acquitted him of the usual treason charges. The Pétain Government had suppressed the news in order to bring him back to France to stand trial again before the new Supreme Court at Riom.

Before he entered the Reynaud Cabinet, Mandel had been Minister of Colonies under Daladier, Minister of Postal Services under Laval and, in his former capacity, was an ex-officio member of the Supreme War Council at the outbreak of the war. His political success had been achieved by industry. He was not popular, but, on the other hand, he never had to face such enmities and hostility as many leaders of the Third Republic knew. He was considered a penetrating, intelligent worker, a successful technician—among the Ministers themselves, a kind of secret councillor, whose influence was occasionally considerable.

A French illustrated magazine of large circulation, published, on September 29, 1938, a fictitious conversation supposed to have taken place on September 22, at the Ministry of Justice, between Reynaud, Champetier de Ribes (then Minister of Pensions) and Mandel. According to this story, Bonnet was represented, by Reynaud's account, as a weakling and Chautemps as too conciliatory and peace-loving. Then the Paris legend goes on: "Voice of M. Mandel: 'I saw Churchill. You know his formula. France and England have the choice between war and dishonor. You have elected dishonor and you will have war.' "

This anecdote presaged what would be most held against Mandel by the Men of Vichy: his determination that France resist, which meant war a year later; his close connection with such Englishmen as Churchill who are continuing the war at present.

In March of this year, Mandel discussed with the British Colonial Minister, Malcolm MacDonald, the establishment of close co-operation between Paris and London on all problems of colonies and reached an agreement

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with him that there should be the most intimate relations between the two governments in all matters dealing with their overseas possessions. When Reynaud followed Daladier as Prime Minister, Mandel refused the portfolio of the Interior until he could complete his work at the Ministry of Colonies. When he finally accepted the position of Minister of Interior, during the tragic days of the German invasion, it was too late to stop defeatism. The Battle of France was already decided.

Georges Mandel recently reached his fifty-fifth year. He was little known when, twenty-three years ago, he became Clemenceau's chief of Cabinet, and after Clemenceau's disappearance from the political scene, in 1919, he made his debut in Parliament as Deputy from the electoral district of Lesparre in the Gironde. It took him many years and great effort to obtain recognition. He has always remained a mediocre speaker, neither brilliant nor possessed of an impressive voice. He is somewhat round-shouldered; he has a long nose and black hair, parted in the middle. He always wears old-fashioned white, stand-up collars, and is neither interesting- nor prepossessing-looking. Nevertheless, he got to the fore and not even as a member of a powerful party. He joined the "Republican Independents," a small splinter group of the most disparate elements. Henri de Kerillis, the journalist whom Abetz sued for slander [*The Triumphant Herr Abetz*, October 1940 *Living Age*] belonged, as well as the reactionary Parisian municipal councillor, Fernand Laurent, who is again playing a certain role because of his former opposition to war. In this group was also the former police prefect, Jean Chiappe; the pacifist, war-mutilated and blind Scapini and the Parisian Deputy and municipal councillor, Pinelli, who was Under-Secretary of State in Reynaud's Cabinet.

MANDEL always went his own way, and although he never strengthened the governments to which he belonged by any considerable number of votes, he was always gladly invited to join them—in 1933 by Laval, in 1936 by Sarraut, in 1938 by Daladier and in 1940 by Reynaud. Everyone recognized his courage when, as Minister of the Postal Service, he succeeded in modernizing the French postal administration to such an extent that jokes were circulating in Paris about telephones functioning only since Mandel. As Minister of Colonies, he began military reconstruction on a large scale, intending to supply France with many hundreds of thousands of well-trained colored soldiers. He foresaw the war with Italy and planned to make it a colonial war, employing native troops accustomed to the African climate and acquainted with the region.

In the Daladier-Bonnet Cabinet, Mandel was justly considered the representative of the anti-Munichers. He opposed the Pact; he opposed the visit of Ribbentrop to Paris and the resulting Franco-German declaration. To him, France's only hope lay in absolute, uncompromising resistance, in partnership with England. For this reason, he always was also opposed to the unofficial contacts which Bonnet maintained in Rome through today's Foreign Minister, Paul Baudoin, and in Berlin by Fernand de Brion. He denounced the Foreign Minister's pol-

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icy as irresolute weakness. Of these Cabinet discussions, very little was known outside. Mandel spoke in the Chamber of Deputies only rarely, to the masses and at meetings almost never, and although he was an ex-journalist, he never wrote articles; neither did he carry on public controversies. He surrounded himself with a certain aura of secrecy, and this contributed to his special position, making him appear to be more powerful than he was in reality. He made no secret, however, of his opposition to appeasement, and he considered himself the inheritor of the sacred legacy of Clemenceau. (He was a regular participant in the meetings of the "Society to Maintain the Memory of Clemenceau." These took place in the Master's own modest, former apartment in the *Rue Benjamin Franklin*—maintained by the pre-Vichy French Government as the Clemenceau Museum—each year on the anniversary of his death.)

There is no doubt that Mandel had won over Daladier, who originally sided with Bonnet, by the time the Premier went to Tunis to take a strong attitude against Italy. Of course, Mandel was not spared the reproach that he acted first of all as a Jew in his hostility to nazism—that he was a representative of "world Jewry." It was also generally remarked that, on the occasion of Ribbentrop's visit in December 1938, he absented himself from all the official social affairs connected with it.

WHETHER Mandel really intended to establish contact with England after the defeat of France and join de Gaulle and the other opponents of the Armistice Government in their efforts to continue resistance in exile, is the issue in the Riom trial. This solitary, reserved bachelor does not have many friends beside him in his hour; many a man who, during his career as a Minister of France, tried hard to scrape acquaintance with him, would much like to see him the scapegoat. But, according to reports which have leaked out of Vichyfied France, the provident M. Mandel, before the Fall of France, succeeded in sending abroad bulging dossiers which account for his acquittal at Meknes and may help him at Riom.

THE DANGEROUS LIFE

By ALBERT MILLER

ON September 4, the Japanese Government arrested Toyohiko Kagawa on the charge of having contributed an article critical of Japan to a United States magazine. Nine days later Kagawa was released, "for lack of sufficient evidence," and he then announced that he was leaving immediately for Toyoshima Island, where he would devote the rest of his life to tuberculosis work. He himself has suffered from tuberculosis for over thirty years and is almost blind because he once shared his mat with a trachoma-infected beggar.

It is not surprising that the Konoye

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

Government should find Kagawa an uncomfortable person to have around, for he is a life-long communist, and his communism has nothing to do with Stalin—it is in the uncompromising religious tradition of Tolstoy. He sees the salvation of the world in following the teachings of Christ in the practical affairs of life. The basic evil of the world, to him, is capitalism, but he differs from such reformers as Gandhi or Tolstoy in that he wants the machine and science to be part of economic life; but he wants that life to be based on co-operation, not competition.

The roots of Kagawa's zeal to reform the souls and lives of men and nations can be found in his own history. He was born fifty-two years ago as the result of an extra-marital affair between a Japanese diplomatic official and a geisha. The father immediately recognized the child, and upon his death and that of the mother, when Toyohiko was four years old, the father's mother and widow took the orphan into their own farm home. There he stayed until he was eleven years old, when an uncle sent him to a boarding school at Tokushima. This came as a welcome release, for the two women had done their best to make him feel that he was an unwanted burden.

Disappointment came quickly. He was frail. He had never played as a healthy boy with other healthy boys, and he was as lonely at school as he had been at home. He sought his recreation in a mission school where he could learn English and where the missionaries, eager to win souls, accepted him with open arms. It certainly cannot have taken much persuasion to convert the love-hungry boy, and, ever since, his life has been a Sunday-school story—though he has, perhaps, carried his Christianity further than the good missionaries dared hope.

The mission finally sent their promising Toyohiko to the Presbyterian Theological College in Tokyo, where further disappointment awaited him. The naive child had expected that at a religious school, all students would be bent on following the precepts of their belief, but many of them were apparently more interested in leading the comfortable college life. They objected to his sharing his own poverty with still poorer men and with stray animals. (He had been disowned by his uncle when he entered the theological school and was completely dependent upon a fellowship of 22 shillings a month.) When he went so far as to declare himself a pacifist during the patriotic high tide of the Russo-Japanese War, his schoolmates beat him up.

By that time, at the age of twenty, his harsh treatment at home and constant undernourishment due to sharing his meager rations with others, had already made Kagawa a victim of Japan's scourge, tuberculosis. He went to a lonely fishing village to try to regain his strength and there began to gain his insight into the misery of the common people. His resulting reflections he wrote down in the form of a novel. (Being too poor to buy stationery, this was written on wrapping paper, on the backs of can labels and on other such odds and ends.)

FROM the fishing village, Kagawa went to Kobe, where he spent, altogether, fifteen years, striving to be a true leader and comforter of the

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under-dog. He acquired a small wooden hut, with no front wall, in the slum quarter of the city; he got it cheaply because a murder had occurred there. The money to buy this shack and to care for the human derelicts, he took from the scholarship which was still granted him, as he was continuing his theological studies. Since, despite all his self-denial, the 22 shillings a month were not enough for himself and all those who came to him for help, the theological student spent part of his free time sweeping chimneys. (The story is that one day he gave a beggar his only clothes and had to stay at home until a woman brought him her cast-off kimono.) The rest of his time was divided among college lessons, private study of Western and Russian writers, preaching in the streets and, above all, caring for the victims of misery which he saw around him.

Then, suddenly, Kagawa became rich. A newspaper editor, seeking human interest material, visited him and heard of his manuscript. It was *Across the Death Line*, and the newspaper paid £250 for it. Since then, Kagawa has earned hundreds of thousands of dollars from his novels and poems, as well as from social and religious writings, but he has remained a poor man, a slum dweller, spending all his money for his social and religious work. For his own household, consisting of himself, his wife and three children, he allows only the minimum income of a worker.

Throughout Kagawa's Kobe years, it was his dream to transform the slums into healthful quarters and to do away with the heart-rending misery which surrounded him. He was also convinced that the workers who inhabited those slums must become organized, in order to be able to demand their needs.

To study these problems, and to pursue his own theological studies, Kagawa went to Princeton in 1914 where, after three years, he was graduated as a Doctor of Theology.

He then returned to the slums of Kobe, to find that his fame had spread far and wide, evoking ardent love but also ardent hatred. Employers hated him for organizing the Japanese Federation of Labor, in which he succeeded in spite of all official and non-official impediments. When he went so far as to call a strike of the dock workers, he was arrested and imprisoned.

The creation of Japan's labor movement had established Kagawa's reputation as an organizer. In 1921, the farmers begged him for help and advice. He devised plans for the planting of diversified crops, for the keeping of pigs and even of bees. He also organized farmers' co-operatives, and clubs to enliven the drabness of village life.

When Yokohama was destroyed by earthquake in 1923, the city intrusted Kagawa with the task of restoration. Shortly thereafter, he was employed to organize the social work of the municipality of Tokyo. (He refused both the $9,000 salary and the car which accompanied the job.) In this period, as a side issue, he secured gen-

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eral suffrage for Japanese male voters.

In all his activities, Kagawa has kept sight of his main aim—to translate the moral teachings of Christianity into everyday life. The principal vehicle for this has been the cooperatives, which in Japan now include about 25,000,000 members out of a population of a little over 72,000,000.

But when, in 1928, he founded the "Anti-War League of Japan," his standing with the authorities fell. The movement for the "Kingdom of God," initiated a year later, did not help matters, either.

He is, on the other hand, highly regarded by the American Government. When he visited America in 1936, the personal intervention of President Roosevelt was exercised to gain his admittance, since he was suffering from communicable diseases which would ordinarily have prevented it. Also, at that time, Secretary of State Cordell Hull called the visit of "my friend," of great importance in maintaining peace between the United States and Japan.

Kagawa has retired to a limited sphere, but it is doubtful that the retirement is a permanent one.

Horrible Alchemy

By Maurice Feldman

More than a year of world war has provided a perfect stage for a group of workers in the chemistry of turning blood into gold. These laborers in the vineyard of sorrow have had poor pickings since the end of World War I, but now have come into their own again. Their operations are in the best tradition of Sir Basil Zaharoff, a rather legendary figure, even while still alive.

Zaharoff, once a shoemaker's apprentice, eventually became one of the most influential men in the British Empire. From a beginning made by supplying the Japanese Government with shoes, Zaharoff spent about thirty years rising to a position of pre-eminence in the field of turning armaments into huge profits at the expense of all parties to any conflict. During the first World War, however, he allowed himself to be placed in protective morality. As master of Great Britain's armament industry he could, perforce, serve only one master. That enforced moral discipline irked Zaharoff, and he lost little time, after the armistice, for the exercise of his double-dealing—supplying both sides in the Greco-Turkish embroglio of 1921-22.

The new crop of horrible alchemists are no dabblers. They, too, often suffer enforced periods of virtuous adherence to a single government. But the old techniques are the same.

Two outstanding operators in this field are Anna Maria Irxmaier and Fritz Mandl.

The woman alchemist has become advisor to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Herr Mandl is purveyor to Britain at the moment, we hope. Of course, both work under cover.

Officially there is no Mrs. Irxmaier as far as the Chinese Government is concerned. Neither Chiang nor his

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Minister of Finance, Dr. Kung, have ever heard of her, but not a plane, tank, gun, rifle or bullet is bought without her connivance. She is no blushing violet, she has a sense of her own importance bolstered by the realization that she is one of the wealthiest women in the world.

Born into a poor Lower-Austria peasant family, her energy, industry and ingenuity have enabled her to amass her fortune. At the age of fourteen she went to Vienna where she worked as a salesgirl and at sixteen she married a pharmacist.

At the outbreak of the World War her husband had to join his regiment. Anna remained at home and studied languages to while away the time. This knowledge was to serve her well in later years. When finally she heard from her husband, he was in a prison camp in a little Siberian village. She decided to join him. After nine weeks of travel during which she suffered many hardships, she arrived at the camp. Immediately she persuaded her husband to try to escape.

Putting all her ingenuity to work, Mrs. Irxmaier engineered the escape with notable success. Together they then worked their way to Shanghai, the city of marked men. It was easy to gain new anonymity in the Chinese city, as well as employment for both of them. He set out again as a pharmacist, and she became a correspondent in a department store.

Anna soon became bored with the commercial routine and easily insinuated herself into the good graces of an important banker, whose confidential secretary she became. This was just the kind of work to which she could give her undivided attention, since it provided her with all the important contacts she needed for the exploitation of her genius. She soon got to know, more or less intimately, all the leading figures of the Chinese Nationalist party.

Soon realizing that her ignorance of Chinese was a terrific handicap, she set about mastering the language. With characteristic thoroughness she learned enough in two months to become a Nationalist Party member, and later financial and economic advisor to the Kuomintang.

After Chiang Kai-shek became Prime Minister, her rise was meteoric. With complete authority from the Generalissimo, she reorganized the military economic set-up and centralized all arms purchases in her own department. In 1937 she traveled over Europe with Dr. Kung, visiting all the leading capitals and buying up vast quantities of arms and war materials.

A leading Chinese diplomat once told me, "Mrs. Irxmaier is the greatest arms expert in Asia."

That the Japanese Government shares this view, is evidenced by the fact that a price of $200,000 has been put upon her head by Tokyo.

HEDY LAMARR was for a time tied up to the international armaments brigade by her marriage to Fritz Mandl, but subsequently dissolved that tie. Her erstwhile husband operated in the best Zaharoff tradition. Mandl's father was the owner of a munitions business in Hirtenberg for some years, but retired early in favor of his thirty-two-year-old son Fritz. The St. Germain Treaty having made it impossible for Austrian munitions manufacturers to export their products, the Mandl en-

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terprises went into a deep decline. The Austrian army numbered only 30,000 men and the Mandl factories were capable of supplying many times that number.

In the midst of a killing depression Fritz Mandl used his wits successfully to beat inevitable bankruptcy. He became a politician. This sally into the domain of political action coincided neatly with an upswing in the affairs of one Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg. The young Austrian prince had just recently begun building a nice private army, called *Die Heimwehren*. In this enterprise von Starhemberg's activities as a storm trooper molded the character of his organization considerably.

Money was von Starhemberg's need, as it was for most of Central European nobility. And here Mandl found his opening. Quickly snatching at opportunity, Mandl begged, borrowed and dipped into his private holdings to furnish his prince with the bread that would return a hundredfold upon the turgid waters of continental intrigue.

Soon, Eugenio Morealle, Italian press attaché in Vienna, heard of Mandl's glorified pawn-brokerage, and brought the matter to the attention of *Il Duce*.

Then came March 1933, and the first coup d'etat of the Heimwehren, which put Chancellor Dollfuss into power. Mandl was now sitting on top of the pile. He expanded old plans he had drawn for the elimination of parliament, muzzling the press, and suppression of all democratic institutions. Then he helped prepare another putsch, that of February 1934. When it was over, and the smoke cleared, democratic institutions had ceased to exist. Mandl's dream of a tremendous export in war materials came true.

The Austrian business index rose to record heights, trainloads of goods rolled in all directions. Mandl was awarded a monopoly on supply of arms to the Austrian army and police force.

Finally, Mussolini's emissaries got in touch with Mandl. The result, though never publicly admitted by anyone, was the guarantee of a gigantic fortune to Mandl. His arms poured into Italy, and his bank deposits in Switzerland, Great Britain and the United States began to look like the national debt. Politicians, civil servants, diplomats and newspaper editors were now at his mercy, and he followed up his advantage.

BUT all this was not to last forever. Hitler pushed Mussolini out of Austria and Schuschnigg was forced to drop Mandl's ministers from the government. Shortly thereafter a prominent district attorney became interested in Herr Mandl and the horrible alchemist of war very discreetly disposed of his Hirtenberg munitions factories. In quick succession he liquidated his other holdings and disappeared from public view.

Not soon after, however, he popped up again. This time as a multi-million-dollar investor in Argentina. In September 1939 he entered upon a new phase of his career—supplying the tools of carnage to the British Government. How long this will last, and what other connections he has, no one knows. His talents are legion, he is only forty, and the war is not yet finished.

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Another statesman warns of the Nazis' plans to seize Latin America

The Argentine Awakes to Danger

By SENATOR ALFREDO PALACIOS

Repertorio Americano, Costa Rican Liberal Weekly

WITH bitterness, I have heard some Argentines disown the idealistic democratic traditions of our Fatherland. Does our Government ignore the activities of professors and teachers who sympathize with absolutism, in our schools, colleges and universities? The defense of our territorial patrimony and of our constitution demands vigilance and action. The Nazi-Fascist and Communist poisons with which an audacious minority corrupts and stupefies juvenile consciences are equally dangerous to our national integrity—and the more so at this time when they are united for the same anti-democratic purposes.

Our Executive should immediately direct an investigation of the propagandists of the dictatorships, who have penetrated into our educational life under cover of ambiguous political parties and with protection from high official circles. The Government does not even pay any attention to what is going on within itself, with foreigners conspiring to destroy Argentine liberties and securing information as to how to paralyze our public services. Particularly in the lower government positions, there are many who, from civic indifference or because of its novelty, prefer dictatorship to suffrage.

It is treason to ignore this condition.

A few days ago there appeared, hidden in the back pages of the newspapers, the official information that a sentinel at the munitions depot, stationed in the zone of the barracks of the fortress, discovered at midnight two persons headed in the direction of the explosives. On his order to stop, they shot at him, and he fired back. A few minutes later, another sentinel, posted in front of the magazine, experienced a similar incident. Several men have been arrested over this affair, but—according to the authorities—they know nothing of the facts.

This news item passed unnoticed. Only one paper, *La Fronda*, wrote:

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"It would be naïve to attribute to this happening the character of a simple police incident. Petty thieves do not penetrate into military establishments, nor are such adventures risked by men who do not have strong support behind them. . . . We live in days of surprises and of events which at other times would seem to us absurd stories. But at present, the rule of our judgment should be systematic distrust, particularly of those who are constantly trying to prove to us that nothing unpleasant can happen. To lull our national instinct into a feeling of absolute security, by reflecting outward optimism, is the intention of the conspirators."

Buenos Aires should listen, for our indifference may one day cause us to weep like women for that which we were not prepared to defend like men.

There is in our country an organization which we cannot tolerate, that is absolutely alien to our Argentine spirit. The episode of the explosives magazine has an evident connection with the attempt against the ship in our port, in which time-bombs were placed, planned to explode and destroy the ship and its crew when it was out at sea. While many of the former markets for our meat and other cattle products are now closed to us, shipments to those ports which are still open to us are being sabotaged in order to cut us off from the supplies which we would receive in exchange.

There is a new system opposed to our conception of justice which is victorious, expanding all over the world, destroying whole peoples, clamoring for new fields to conquer—the rule by power of men who are beyond good and evil. Small nations are despised if they cannot defend themselves, no matter what their culture. To the powerful and unscrupulous, they are not true states, since they exist only by leave of the great powers. Therefore, they should be allowed only nominal sovereignty. For the totalitarians, the word "state" evokes the idea of physical strength. A *weak* state is a contradiction in terms.

AND Argentina is a weak state. Can we expect, then, to be excluded from the program of vassalage and submission which these hordes plan to impose on everything that is enobling in our life?

The answer is in the pages of *Mein Kampf*. There, the chief of the conquering nation maintains that only Aryans can be called human beings. The first duty of the State is to prevent the mixture of races, "so that the birth of half-ape-half-man monstrosities may be prevented." Among such monstrosities are the inhabitants of Central and South America who are of mixed race.

We read further: "The Germanic inhabitants of America who have conserved their racial purity have become the masters of the Continent and will continue to remain so, so long as they do not descend to dishonor themselves by mixing their blood, which produces those monstrosities. . . ."

Germany covets Latin America. It is not impossible that the Nazis may invade our shores. Should that happen, we will have to die rather than to submit.

There are, at present, about a million Germans in Brazil, and their influence there is enormous—an influence largely acquired by taking advantage of our sister country's juridical system which gives substantial au-

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tonomy to certain groups of the population. Rodrigo Octavio, the Brazilian jurist, has pointed out the dangers which have arisen from the application of the principles of the autonomy of nationalities, in Brazil. Unfortunately, his warnings have not been listened to by his compatriots.

A year ago, *La Nación* of Buenos Aires published a chapter from Rauschning's book in which he tells of Hitler's intention to build an overseas Germany in Brazil. "According to Hitler," writes Rauschning, "all the conditions prerequisite for a revolution are present in Brazil, so that, in a few years, that state, now governed by corrupt half-breeds, could be transformed into a German domain." He continues, "If there is any continent where democracy is an insane and suicidal procedure, it is certainly South America. It will be necessary to convince those people that they should throw liberalism overboard, along with their 'democracy.' They feel themselves obliged to maintain the democratic farce. We will help them to free themselves. . . . It is not our plan to land troops, as William the Conqueror did. Our arms are invisible."

In *Gross Deutschland* (*The Greater Germany*), Otto R. Tannenberg wrote: "The German establishments in the southern part of Brazil and in Uruguay represent the only bright spot in the dark picture of South American civilization. Five hundred thousand Germans live there, and it is to be hoped that after the reorganization of South America—when the peoples of mixed blood, Indians and Latins have disappeared—the immense plains of the Plata River territory, and the coasts which unite them with the West, the East and the South, will become German territory."

Referring to the countries which he aims to dominate, Hitler said: "I will be in contact with the men slated to form a new government which will be agreeable to me. We can find such men in all countries. We need not even buy them. They will come to us on their own initiative, urged on by ambition, political discord and pride. Preparatory demoralization is my ally. When it has been achieved, the moment will have arrived, and, at one stroke, a whole nation can be annihilated."

THE extent of treason in all countries, today, is enormous. One of our own diplomats, a member of the highest intellectual circles of the Continent, wrote me a letter from which I would like to quote: "I see and feel that the Continent is being overrun by nazism and communism. . . . The enemy knew everything, absolutely everything, about France. While France ignored all her knowledge of the enemy. . . . I contemplate with amazement those who, at this stage of the tragedy, still say that the American Hemisphere is invulnerable. The battle is already raging in our own most vital parts. The fifth columns of every nation have been working among us for not less than a year and a half. I know positively that there is more treason in our own country than there was in France. There is the same infiltration into our own homeland that there was into unhappy France."

And an Argentine general told us not so long ago, in the Chamber of Deputies—so it is no secret to anyone and less so to members of the Cham-

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ber—that we are now passing through an hour of real danger to our nation, from both external threats and internal upheaval.

The parliamentary commission investigating Nazi activities in Uruguay reached, among others, the following conclusions:

That it was proven that Nazi blocks, cells, points of support and other local groups have been organized in Montevideo, Rincón del Bonete and Paysandu.

That there is a campaign afoot for propaganda infiltration of the whole national press, with material supplied by special institutions in Germany, working through Uruguayan offices, besides the wide distribution of German- and Spanish-language Nazi newspapers.

That there is a political campaign of Nazi penetration in various branches of the public service, through highly skilled Nazi agents, or Uruguayan officials who have been won over to the Nazi cause. In other cases, the Uruguayans serve as innocent instruments of this Nazi penetration.

There are organizations which operate in the schools, disseminating pro-German, anti-patriotic political ideas. These, also, have been established in Montevideo, Paysandu and Rincón del Bonete, with the help of money supplied by the general organization in Montevideo.

That a purely Germanic education, in opposition to our own traditions, is being fostered in the schools for the purpose of destroying Uruguayan patriotic conceptions among Uruguayan children of German parentage.

That there exists in Argentina a hierarchical organization of Storm Troopers, holding regular military exercise in special military camps, and equipped with all the appropriate instruments for studying the geography and topography of the country.

That Uruguayan writers are hired for propaganda purposes.

That there are special Nazi police who, among other duties, guard the German Legation.

That Nazi agents are engaged in espionage in our own capital and throughout our country, insinuating themselves into all political activities and using their connections to obtain photographs of roads, bridges and complete plans of the communication system—pictures, incidentally, of no "artistic" value.

That these espionage activities include learning the operations of our lighthouses, special studies of maps in the Geographical Institute, of radio-telegraph transmissions, etc.

That there was in Uruguay an organization of amateur airplane pilots, including parachutists, who preferably used military aviation camps for their practice, thus interfering with the work of Uruguayan military aviators.

That no juridical and legal conflicts among the Nazis in Argentina have been submitted to our own courts, but have always been settled by the Nazi organizations themselves.

That the Nazis consider Uruguay of great strategical interest in obtaining control of this part of the Continent.

That many leading Germans have been carefully located at various points in Argentina either as landowners or tenants.

That there are detailed plans for the military occupation of the Republic for the purpose of converting it

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into a German colony of peasants.

That the German Legation in Uruguay directed all the political activity of the various Nazi organizations there, and that the chief of the movement, Dalldorf, enjoyed all diplomatic immunities as a member of the Legation.

That the German Legation, against all diplomatic rules, illegally disseminated propaganda against countries on friendly terms with Uruguay and imported films and radio sets in quantities far beyond the normal needs for "private use" of the legation, in order to avoid bills of lading and consular manifestoes.

We should not forget that speaking in terms of aeronautical distances, Buenos Aires is on the border of Uruguay. Air bases can be established only thirty-five miles—or fifteen minutes flying time—from this capital. This means that we need a special kind of anti-aircraft defense, one that can function in a permanent state of alarm. Its topography and its relation to the Plata and Riachuelo rivers, make Buenos Aires easy to locate from the air even under conditions of poor visibility. It is also in the neighborhood of El Palomar airdrome and the military garrison of Campo de Mayo, which are important military objectives.

The external danger is obvious, and it is imperative to organize our physical defenses immediately, but even before that we must defend ourselves from our internal enemies in the service of the totalitarian régimes, including Argentines who betray their Fatherland.

Little as we want our destiny to be only to provide meat and wheat for England, we are even less willing to submit to the ruthless force of those who would enslave us.

(Editor's Note: Because of space limitations, the article above is an abridgement of Dr. Palacios' speech as delivered to the Argentine Senate.)

The Letterbox of Europe

Of all the European countries, only Switzerland can freely receive letters from the warring nations. Letters can freely come to Switzerland from France, Germany, Italy and, due to its neutral position, it also harbors the War Prisoners Bureau of the International Red Cross. This bureau receives every day about 35,000 letters, mostly inquiries from relatives not only in the various warring countries but also from others whose subjects joined some of the armies as volunteers and escaped to Switzerland and were interned there. Important diplomatic correspondence also is cleared via Berne: for example, last June American Ambassador William C. Bullitt sent word from Paris to the American Legation at Berne that Paris would capitulate. From Berne that historic decision was forwarded to the Berlin government.

—*Argentinische Tageblatt*, Buenos Aires

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In possession of Indo-China, Japan has a Burma Road via Malay Peninsula

The Real Stakes in East Asia

By UPTON CLOSE

MOST Americans are watching Honolulu, Shanghai, and Manila for the answer to the struggle for power in the Pacific. The answer of the next months and years is much more likely to come from little-known and unpublicized Siam. Here are possibilities that may divert Japan from a show-down with us. Here may yet be the boundary between the shaping-up American Empire of the Pacific, and Asia proper.

That Japan will fight for Germany or Italy is sheer bunk, so understood by all parties. Barring accident, Japan, under the "American-minded" Matsuoka, will fight if—and only if—cornered. Should you wish to know what is going to happen in the Pacific, look to see how close Washington's acts actually come to catching Japan in a cul-de-sac. *Acts*, I repeat—not feeling or talk.

Until American sea and air fleets reinforce the inadequate British and Dutch forces in Singapore and the East Indies, Japan is, of course, not stopped at all. To equip free China is an easy way to keep most of Japan's army occupied. But it leaves Japan's fleet quite free. Embargo on our oil and metals is an annoyance to Japan but indecisive so long as more and more Dutch East Indies raw materials are diverted from British empire trade and home defense to Japan.

The logical plays to check Japan are Dutch East Indian stoppage of supplies to Japan, and American support on the spot, enabling Australian, Singapore and Dutch forces to defy the Japanese Navy. We may take President Roosevelt's Columbus Day speech to mean that Singapore and the Dutch East Indies get American protection. Japan's Matsuoka will, of course, wait to check the Roosevelt policy with the elections of November 5—and if there *should* be a change of administration, with whatever hand it may show. Granted that the lines are drawn across the South Pacific in such manner as to add the Dutch East Indies (and behind them, Australasia) to the American-protected portion of Pacific Asia, must Japan either

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fight us or give up empire building?

Matsuoka has an alternate route of expansion, one that we have overlooked—that we may even find it desirable to make a policy of overlooking. Hence his confidence. Japan, as well as China, has a "Burma Road," leading straight across Siam to the Indian Ocean. At its end lies a Mongol population unreconciled to white rule, whose rebellious leaders are now in prisons of the British raj—a fanatic Buddhist population whose religious leaders have in recent years been drawing renewed life from Japanese Buddhism. At Rangoon, port of Burma, is the Shwe Dagon Dagoba, sacred temple whose nationalist priests compelled the Prince of Wales, on a visit, to take off his shoes and stockings and walk barefooted over the garbage-strewn floors.

Japan enters her Burma Road through French Indo-China. To be sure of getting Indo-China—what with a million men tied up in China—Japan had to have the co-operation of the Vichy Government and its creatures. To obtain that, Matsuoka had to deal with Hitler and Mussolini. The Three Power Pact—many of us failed to understand—was a receipt on Japan's part for goods delivered, not an order for future deliveries. With entry to Indo-China granted by Hitler, Mussolini and Laval, Japan followed the spirit-crushing strategy worked out by the Nazis: that of treacherously and violently smashing the forces of an already surrendered government. Matsuoka rightly reckoned that there was little likelihood of American intervention to save French possessions in Asia, despite Cordell Hull's declarations about status quo.

Indo-China, a land larger than France, with half as large a population, is now Japan's. The absorption is proceeding even more rapidly than did the absorption of Manchuria. The next step—on either the Burma Road or the Singapore Road—is Siam. Japan's penetration follows the French railway southward 250 miles along the high-dry coast, then cuts southwestward through an almost sea-level pass to junction with the Siamese State Railways. A connecting railway, purposely left unbuilt by the French, who wished to keep their exploited colony safely isolated, is already being finished by experienced Japanese railway engineers. The Siamese state railway system, rescued during the last World War from division between German and English interests, unified and modernized by go-getting, Oxford-educated, Rotary Club-founding Siamese Prince Kam Pang Pet of Purchatra, waits to carry the Japanese tide to the Bay of Bengal. Its southern branch hits this arm of the Indian ocean at Kra Isthmus, directly across the Gulf of Siam from Bangkok, nearly 900 miles north of Singapore. A 200-mile extension to its northern branch would connect it with the Burmese-Indian railways between Rangoon and Mandalay—this, however, is in mountain country.

THUS Japan can reach England's empire—and the terminal docks of China's Burma Road—in a region which is yet beyond all expectation, and probably is beyond all prospect, of American help. For no American leader has yet proposed an Indian Ocean navy in addition to a two-ocean (plus Dutch East Indian-Australasian) navy. Rail transport paralleled over most of its length by

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metaled highways, will serve Japan for initial penetration during England's hour of desperate defense at home. For control of the Bay of Bengal and preparation for braver deeds, Japan has staked out a water route—a sea entrance through the stormless Gulf of Siam which leaves Singapore 900 miles to the south watching empty straits. Directly opposite Bangkok only a narrow isthmus, rising at its highest a few hundred feet above sea level, separates the Gulf of Siam from the Bay of Bengal. At this Isthmus of Kra, the absurdly shaped Malay peninsula is almost cut in two—only twenty to thirty miles of gravel and limestone lie between deep water and deep water, depending on which inlet is used on the eastern side. Talk of a canal across this isthmus has been heard at intervals for twenty-five years. Investigating it fifteen years ago, I became convinced that the canal route had been surveyed, all specifications blue-printed, and a tentative lease given Japan's Mitsui Corporation. Execution of the project was delayed by two things: insufficient commercial incentive and British opposition within Siam. It would shorten the shipping lane from the China coast to Calcutta by one thousand miles, but ships went via Java and Singapore to get loads. Once the Kra Canal becomes an empire consideration its excavation will not wait upon commercial returns. And if Shanghai, Canton, Haiphong, Saigon, Bangkok and Rangoon become parts of one Mitsui enterprise, the job will pay out quickly enough.

Japan's escape from interference to be run by the United States Navy depends upon Japanese use of Thailand—the one-time Siam. Ironically enough, Siam was the first Asiatic nation to make a treaty with the United States, way back in 1832, and has the steadiest history of unruffled friendship with us of any nation on earth. We invented extraterratorial jurisdiction to fit Siam, whose king graciously accepted it; we applied it later in Japan and China; we suggested its gradual abandonment in view of Japan's juridical reforms in 1921. A clever Siamese aristocracy maintained the little nation's independence, while

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European empire-builders were grabbing everything around it, by great restraint and "appeasement" in face of aggression, plus timely playing of Britain, France and Germany against one enother. The ruling house lost its Shan states in the north and its Mohammedan sultanates on the Malay Peninsula to England; it lost Cambodia and the Menam River region to France—whose aggressions up to as late as 1904 were brutally direct. It kept quiet and waited its day. Meantime, Siamese held their heads erect; they never learned to cringe before booting and caneing such as white men administered to their neighbors.

The first World War gave Prince Kam Pang Pet his chance to recover his railways from German control, while benefiting by the substantiality and thoroughness of German engineering. Scandinavian syndicates continue to cut the teak and other precious wood forests of the north—to the steady enrichment of the government. The chief menace to Siam's aristocracy was the increasing Chinese immigration. Chinese became one-third of the population—the more enterprising third, dominating business and the richest agricultural valleys—before a determined effort was made to stop the influx and make native-born Chinese into docile Siamese subjects.

SIAM'S trouble with the Chinese Government over this immigration issue opened the way for Japan to curry favor with the Siamese nobles. During the last twenty years more and more of these nobles have been educated in Japan. Many of them maintain summer homes there, a number have married Japanese women. A few years ago Japanese-supported intrigue forced the British-educated king to abdicate. Since then, British, American and Danish advisers have been supplanted by Japanese, who have conducted themselves discreetly and obtained dominating influence over Siamese government and commercial circles. Japan now takes almost the whole of Siam's tremendous rice export—her main export product—Japanese power trawlers do her fishing and Japanese engineers direct her railroad and road building. Japanese officers advise her army. Siam, few know, was the first Asiatic nation to become air-minded. Some Siamese princes at English schools went into aviation along with their English schoolmates, during the first World War, and received the privilege of fighting with the infant British air force. They returned home and formed a respectable air corps, antedating Japan's. On Japanese advice, Thailand was in the process of modernizing its air force with the latest American planes when President Roosevelt, wakened by some one to what was going on, stopped, the other day at Manila, a shipment of planes billed to Bangkok.

Japan's Burma Road through Siam is wide open. On the Rangoon estuary are English oil refineries, which some years ago were handling seven to ten million barrels of crude a year, turning out several hundred million gallons of refined. Reports are that Burmese oil is being worked out, but there is enough to float the Japanese empire off the shoals on which an American embargo leaves it. The Korean-like Burmese people would not care too much. English business men sponsored a Burmese separatist-from-India movement years ago, which might

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easily swing to a join-Japan movement. The Burmese people are fed up with the politics and schisms of race-different India, to which they have been arbitrarily tied by Britain. They hate to see 75 per cent of the tax revenues of their rich country going to bolster the deficits of the Delhi Government. They resent even more the new levies to prosecute a war that interests them not at all.

Beyond Burma—not very far—lies Calcutta. That's a story still to come. But the prospect inspired far-looking Matsuoka to deal with Mussolini, for Italy and Japan have a long-distance jealousy over India. At this writing, Matsuoka is studying Washington's intentions toward the Dutch East Indies and Singapore, their fortress. Will Washington put the U. S. Navy into their protection? Or will Uncle Sam permit a tactful penetration—perhaps in collaboration with native revolutionary movements? Suppose the Sultan of Johore in whose sultanate lies Singapore naval base, should decide to go home and personally resume power—since the death of his London chorine from a bomb has taken the glamour out of an exile imposed by British authorities. Suppose the Malay sultans are backed by Siamese royalty which once claimed suzerainty over the Malay states? And Japan in turn backs Thailand? It is not likely that forces out of Singapore could or would stop Japan—even with air force—nine hundred miles north at the Kra Peninsula. And half way between, on the Indian Ocean side, is a British pawn to fate in the rich, undefended rubber port and summer resort of Penang. Japanese forces could feint at it down the Siamese railway, while doing their work at Kra and to the north.

The problem of intelligent persons among Japan's imperialists has been to discover the tangling-point with Uncle Sam, and stop just short of it. Yosuke Matsuoka, reared and educated among us, has proved a master at this. He did not think we would do anything about Manchuria in 1931, he divined that we would not back up the League of Nations in 1932, and he and his fellows staked all that we would endure the destruction of Chinese sovereignty. He was right, although our reaction to the sinking of the Panay taught Japanese generals to avoid direct attack on Americans in China. Matsuoka has taken the captain who ordered that Panay attack into his cabinet—he may foresee use for such a bold buccaneer in some tryout of our patience around Hongkong or Manila. Matsuoka is prepared to twist and turn in his imperialist march. Basically, Matsuoka cannot be bluffed. He would not hesitate to sacrifice Japan and the Japanese—toward whom he has a cooler feeling than if he had been reared as one of them. But in one sense, most important to us, for it may be the key of events, he can be bluffed. He can be bluffed from taking one pathway of expansion provided another lies open. If he satisfies himself that obstruction from us on the Singapore Road would be no more effective or serious than in Manchuria and China and French Indo-China, then Japan will promptly be in the Dutch East Indies, trying out Dutch and British resistance. If Matsuoka thinks we mean business there he will take, instead, Japan's Burma Road, via Siam, and leave a great island empire in the southeast Pacific in our laps.

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Tokyo editor holds Monroe principle should be applied more realistically

An Asiatic Views a U. S. Doctrine

By KATSUJI INAHARA

Contemporary Japan, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

(Editor's Note: This article appeared before the signing of the Japan-Axis Pact. It, therefore, indicates what leading thinkers were reasoning and which way opinion was moving in Japan immediately before the Pact. It will be interesting to Western readers to note how the phrase "Open Door" is used here, and the broad connotation ascribed to it.)

WAR is mischievous, for it occasionally produces wholly unexpected results or by-products. Recent discussion of the Monroe Doctrine resulting in the conclusion that it has been brought up to date, or at least is in the process of being brought up to date, is a case in point. The attitude of the United States toward the present war in Europe has been characterized by the American slogan "safeguarding democracy," but this slogan can hardly be an abstract assertion of an objective nature. It certainly must have as its basis or background practical considerations of a subjective nature for the safeguarding of the United States itself. To be exact, the term "safeguarding democracy" has been conceived with the idea that Great Britain and France constitute a bulwark against the menace of totalitarianism, and, therefore, to protect this bulwark is to defend the United States itself.

Then what is the real meaning of protecting the United States? It cannot, for one thing, be other than safeguarding the Monroe Doctrine. The upshot so far of the European war in which the United States is economically participating for the specific purpose of defending the Monroe Doctrine, however, has placed it upon the table of international analytical operation and has thus afforded a chance for its reconsideration. Such a turn of events was evidently never expected either by the United States or by the rest of the world. This is where the mischievous nature of war comes in.

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Discussion concerning the Monroe Doctrine started in earnest on June 18, when the American Congress adopted a resolution stating that "the United States will not recognize any transfer or cession of territorial possessions of a non-American Power in the Western Hemisphere to any other non-American Power." In due course of time the belligerent powers, especially Germany and Italy, were notified of this resolution. Since the capitulation of Paris to the Germans took place on June 13 and France's surrender four days later, there is no room for doubt that this resolution was passed under the influence of such reverses in the European situation. The purpose of the resolution was to reiterate the traditional policy of the United States and uphold the Monroe Doctrine.

The formal adoption of the resolution and its notification to the powers concerned immediately invited opposition from Berlin, a development which the United States had not, in all probability, expected. On July 1, Berlin sent an official note to Washington to the following effect:

> The German Minister for Foreign Affairs states that Germany is unable to perceive for what reason the United States Government has addressed the note to Germany. He states that in contrast with other countries, especially in contrast with Britain and France, Germany has no territorial possessions on the American Continent and has given no occasion whatever for the assumption that it intends to acquire such possessions, and asserts that thus, in so far as Germany is concerned, the communication addressed to Germany is without object.
>
> In case the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine is implicit in the United States Government's communication, it amounts to conferring upon some European countries the right to possess territories in the Western Hemisphere but denies it to other European countries. It is obvious that such an interpretation would be untenable.

The German note was evidently a telling thrust at the very point of inconsistency in the American attitude, suggesting as it did the unlikelihood that the Monroe Doctrine, as interpreted by the United States, would be accepted by the world in general. The case is exactly similar to the inconsistency shown by the United States in asserting the Monroe Doctrine on the one hand, while seeking to maintain the principle of the Open Door on the other. The world would find it difficult to accept such mutually incompatible claims. In reply to the German objection, the United States declared through a statement issued by Secretary of State Cordell Hull that "the Monroe Doctrine rests solely on a policy of self-defense, and it contains within it not the slightest vestige or implication, much less any assumption of hegemony on the part of the United States."

But the obvious impression gained from such a declaration is that it falls far short of refuting effectively the assertion of the German Government, for the crucial points raised by the latter are that:

(1) Why does the United States now oppose the acquisition of territories in the Western Hemisphere by some countries of Europe, while it has no objection to other European powers having territorial possessions there?

(2) If the United States can rightfully exclude European intervention in

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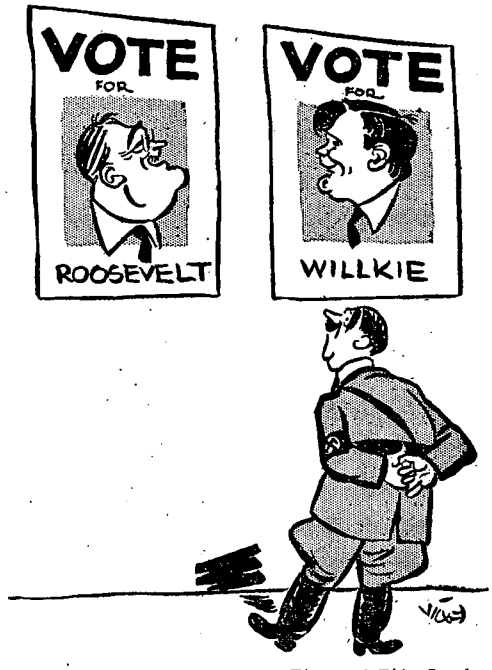
the American continents, there is no reason why one of the European countries cannot demand non-intervention of the United States in Europe. Is it not inconsistent for the United States to intervene in Europe and at the same time to object to European intervention in the Americas?

And on these crucial points Secretary Hull made only an evasive answer without directly replying to the points raised. Thus arguments on the question of the Monroe Doctrine resulted in giving the impression to the world at large that Germany was the winner, theoretically at least.

Moreover, the Hull statement cannot be considered to be wholly without doubtful points. Nothing, for instance, was said exactly which would afford a standard of judging whether the Monroe Doctrine can be justified or refuted on the basis of the question of "establishment of hegemony." The United States may have its own idea regarding the meaning of hegemony, but it is by no means thoroughly understood by other countries.

By hegemony Secretary Hull may mean control by force of arms. But such an idea is obsolete. It is true that a superior armed force can bring other countries under its control, but it is not by armed force alone that such control is acquired. It is easily possible to subjugate other peoples by economic strength, for economic methods when applied with hostile intent are fully as murderous as military force. That the United States has revised its neutrality law for the purpose of extending economic assistance to Great Britain and France can be understood only in the light of this truism. The abrogation of the Commercial Treaty with Japan also may become sufficiently clear as to its real purpose when viewed from this standpoint. In our opinion, hegemony is not established through the might of arms alone, and therefore, it seems neither fair nor compatible with modern thought to proscribe hegemony as control by armed force and try to exclude it. To speak plainly, even the United States, professing as it does its opposition to the establishment of hegemony by arms, proposed at the Pan-American Conference held at Lima in 1938, the formation of a sort of military alliance among the countries of the American continents with the American Navy as its propelling force under the assumption that "the countries of American continents will take defensive measures against invasion from outside countries, regarding them as their common enemy." Such an attitude on the part of the United States clearly testifies to the



—*Time and Tide*, London

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fact that that country does not necessarily entertain such a Puritan idea as to exclude, when advantageous to itself, all intention of employing methods of military control.

WHILE the United States was not a little chagrined at the German challenge for a rational definition of the Monroe Doctrine, Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita of Japan, in his radio speech on June 29, said the following: "Since it is difficult to realize peace throughout the world in the present stage of human progress, peoples who are closely related to one another geographically, culturally and economically should establish a regional sphere of their own for their common existence and prosperity and establish therein peace and order as the first step toward world-wide peace. East Asia and the region of the South Seas should in this sense come under the same sphere."

What Foreign Minister Arita said by no means contained any novel idea; it was merely a reiteration of the substance of what has on many occasions in the past been stated by Japanese statesmen and diplomats. Nobody in Japan thought that the speech was of such a character as to become a subject of heated discussion. Strange to say, however, it aroused widespread repercussions in other countries, especially in the United States. At a press interview on July 5, Secretary of State Cordell Hull expressed his disapproval of the Japanese policy as enunciated by Mr. Arita in his radio speech or what the United States thought that speech expressed. Mr. Hull said: "It [the Monroe Doctrine] never resembled and it doesn't today resemble policies which appear to be arising in other geographical areas of the world which are alleged to be similar to the Monroe Doctrine, but which, instead of resting solely on policies of self-defense and respect for existing sovereign rights, as does the Monroe Doctrine, would seem to be only a pretext for carrying out the conquest by sword, military occupation and complete economic and political domination by certain powers of other free independent peoples."

What Mr. Arita asserted, however, was that there is in the present world a rampant economic exclusionism, trade barriers and racial discrimination which are constantly producing causes of war; that since it is impossible to secure world peace in the existing situation by eliminating such causes of war, the only practical method to achieve the purpose of peace would be for the peoples, who are so situated geographically, economically and otherwise as to be able to carry on a co-operative life to form a sphere of their own, minister to the needs of one another and thus enjoy peace and prosperity; that the realization of such a regional peace would in itself be a contribution toward world peace; and that since East Asia and the South Seas are a region having such common requisites, it would be well for them to form a sphere for their common existence and prosperity. Such being the plan suggested by Foreign Minister Arita, it contains no loophole through which an idea of aggression, acquisition of rights and interests or territorial encroachment, as might have been erroneously suspected by Mr. Hull, can enter.

If East Asia and the South Seas become a unit of existence with organic systems and structures, it natu-

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rally will assure the firm establishment of the principle of self-defense as suggested by Mr. Hull as being the objective of the Monroe Doctrine. It will, moreover, serve to substantiate in a practical manner respect for the sovereignty of each nation. The reason for this is the fact that it is totally unthinkable that nations who want to safeguard jointly their common interests under the principle of common existence and common prosperity should engage in controversies or refuse to co-operate for their own defense.

VIEWED from this standpoint, the Monroe Doctrine, as defined by Secretary of State Hull, and Japan's policy, as expressed in the Arita speech, are not necessarily incompatible with each other. The world has been under the impression that the Monroe Doctrine as practised by the United States in Latin America and that as defined by Mr. Hull are not by any means one and the same. Although Secretary Hull's definition of the Monroe Doctrine and Japanese policy differ from each other in their starting point, they are not so divergent in their ultimate purpose as Mr. Hull seems to have tried to impress upon the world through his statement. Since the Monroe Doctrine originated in the desire to exclude European intervention in the Americas, though from the standpoint of self-defense, its spirit is one of exclusionism. Japan's policy with regard to East Asia and the South Seas, on the other hand, is to convert this part of the world into an experimental laboratory, so to speak, for the establishment of peace to come after the present war, and there realize an economic stability which is an essential basis of peace. Therefore, the two policies are completely different from each other at their starting point. However, there are some people in other countries, especially in the United States, who consider the suggestion of Mr. Arita as an East Asiatic "Monroe Doctrine." Such an appellation is simply a misnomer in the light of the above circumstances. But the American Monroe Doctrine and the regional system as advocated by Japan are not by any means so irreconcilably different from each other in their ultimate purpose and especially in the outward form.

We are happy, therefore, to find arguments advanced recently in the United States which lead us to think that the above similarity between the American Monroe Doctrine and Japan's regional peace policy has been somehow comprehended. The statement of Representative Hamilton Fish is an example. He said that if peace and order are established in Asia by Japan's policy, there will be that much of a contribution to the peace of the world. Then President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued a statement on July 6 in which he declared:

> There is an absence of any intention on the part of this Government to interfere in any territorial problems in Europe or Asia. This Government would like to see, and think, there should be applied a Monroe Doctrine for each of those continents. The United States is not out to gain any new territorial possession. It does not contemplate any territorial expansion. But, for example, should a victorious Germany lay claim to territories of conquered nations in this hemisphere, we hold that the issue comes within the province of the Monroe Doctrine; we hold that it works in this way. The

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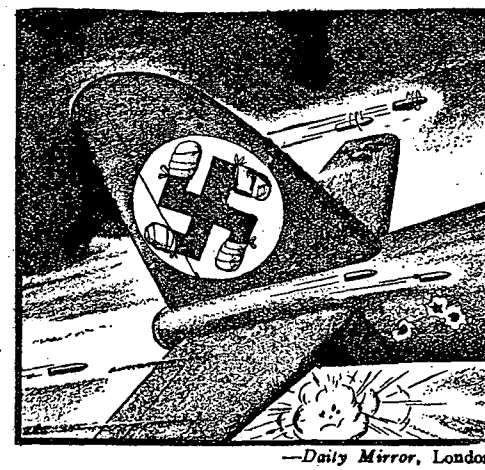
> United States does not take over the islands or territorial possessions of the conquered nations. But it believes and holds the position that their disposition and administration should be decided among and by all of the American Republics. This Government would ask no voice in the disposition of French Indo-China because of its place in the sphere of Asiatic influence. For instance, in the case of French Indo-China, we think the disposition should be decided among the Asiatic countries.

THE above statement of President Roosevelt evidently turns the previous passive definition of the Monroe Doctrine into a positive one of a universal character. The immediate purpose of the statement was to defend the attitude of the United States in response to the German Government's note which had pointed out the inconsistency of the Monroe Doctrine as hitherto interpreted. But the American explanation turned out to be an admission of defeat before the claim of Germany. There can be found no better or no other significance than this in the President's statement. Germany told the United States that if the latter intended to uphold the Monroe Doctrine against Europe, it should stop its own intervention in the affairs of Europe. This was probably intended as a practical way to bring to an end the economic participation of the United States in the present European war on the Anglo-French side. In replying to the German demand, however, President Roosevelt merely intimated that, when the present war is over—the assumption being the defeat of Great Britain—the United States wants Germany to respect the American Monroe Doctrine with regard to the disposal of the territorial possessions of Germany's enemies in the Western Hemisphere, and that the United States will leave the territorial disposition in Europe to Germany. His answer to the question of the present participation of the United States in the European war which the German Government had raised was completely evasive. His reference to respect for the Monroe Doctrine in the post-war territorial disposition spells the admission of American defeat by Germany and his silence regarding the question of American participation in the present war proves that the United States is yet to acknowledge defeat.

Now, since President Roosevelt maintains that the disposition of the territorial possessions of the defeated powers in the Western Hemisphere should be left to the result of consultation among the countries of the American continents, it logically follows that a similar territorial disposal must of necessity be made not only in Europe but in Asia. Accordingly, President Roosevelt declared that the United States has no intention of interfering with the territorial question in Europe, and at the same time that it does not intend to intervene in the



—*Daily Mirror*, London

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disposal of such an Asiatic territory as French Indo-China. The question of French Indo-China, he asserted, should be decided by consultation among the countries of Asia. This declaration of President Roosevelt does not seem at all extraordinary: it is simply a matter of course when viewed from the standpoint of common sense. Viewed in the light of America's attitude in the past, however, what he said signifies a rationalization of the Monroe Doctrine and, therefore, is clearly a reorientation of the United States' foreign policy. In other words, the United States has now unified and rationalized its basic foreign policy by abandoning the attitude emphasized so repeatedly in the past that, while keeping the doors of Latin America closed to non-American powers, it demanded the open door in Asia. It declared that, since the United States maintains the Monroe Doctrine, it would be well for other powers to pursue a similar policy in their respective regions. To us this declaration sounds only commonplace with nothing to arouse curiosity. Nevertheless, we consider it essential to place definitely on record the said declaration as a reorientation or a sign thereof at least of the United States' policy concerning the Pacific.

If, as President Roosevelt stated, Asiatic affairs are left to the decision of Asiatic countries, the American Monroe Doctrine, applied to Latin America, will as a matter of logic be strengthened in its moral background. There is no doubt that it will at least be ridden of its sore spot in the abstract sense. It will also mean that the United States does not in principle disapprove the purport of the speech broadcast by Foreign Minister Arita on June 29. Therefore, Mr. Hull's statement at the press interview referred to above can be taken as not having had so profound a significance as we thought it had at that time; and if indeed it had such an important meaning, it would have been in due course of time rectified or otherwise disposed of in a suitable manner. It can then be concluded that the conflict of opinion between Japan and the United States, which the people feared had actually arisen with the speech of Mr. Arita as the subject of discussion, has become wholly unwarranted. Last but not of least importance, if, as President Roosevelt declared, the principle of Asia for Asiatics is established, it will mean that the United States has also made a radical change in its attitude.

HITHERTO relations between Japan and the United States have been tending toward a direction quite contrary to our desire. If, however, the United States rationalizes its attitude toward Japan and brings the Monroe Doctrine up to date by eliminating its disturbing factors, we believe it will make not a little contribution toward the restoration, to the benefit of the peoples of the two countries, of the happy status expressed in the Treaty of Kanagawa that "There shall be a perfect, permanent and universal peace and a sincere and cordial amity" between the two countries. Then the controversy about and the re-examination of the Monroe Doctrine, which the present European war has caused as its by-product, will have served Japan and the United States quite unexpectedly but happily as a means of ensuring the peace of the Pacific.

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Island Empire's products indispensible to industrial life of United States

Dutch Indies' Vital Resources

By WILBUR BURTON

Philippine Magazine, Independent English-Language Monthly

IN THIS current world of violent crash and uncharted change, the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines are beginning to have more in common than in difference. For the future of both—positively or negatively—is in the keeping of the United States; while conversely, orphaned Indonesia is the key to the American position in the Western Pacific. These factors could—and should—lead to a united destiny under the American flag, unless the present course of events is reversed to a restoration of the past *status quo*.

Indonesia and the Philippines not only merge into each other geographically, but are inhabited by peoples of the same race with strikingly similar character and temperament. But in political and cultural development there is equally striking contrast.

Dutch rule of the East Indies has ever been one of stern paternalism. It has been characterized by an extraordinary high order of administrative efficiency, thorough-going sanitation, a vast amount of highway and other physical construction, tremendous development and modernization of irrigation, as careful conservation of the soil as possible—by preservation, for example, of sufficient wooded areas in Java to prevent erosion—and the strict maintenance of order.

It contrasts favorably with such remains of native rule as exist in Sulu, where subjects of the Sultan have to crawl on their hands and knees into his Presence. Also, taxes are no higher under direct Dutch administration than in a few native states, while more of them are utilized for the public weal. The native rulers, of course, exercise no real power excepting over their own people; the Dutch are supreme everywhere in so far as imperialistic exploitation is concerned.

But with regard to the natives, Dutch policy has been to keep them as native as possible—while American policy in the Philippines from the beginning was, in effect, to Americanize the people. In education, for example,

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only slightly over 5 per cent of the Indonesians are literate in any language, after three centuries of Dutch rule, while more than 50 per cent of the Filipinos are literate in English after forty years of American rule.

In business, there are far more wealthy Filipinos in the Philippines than there are wealthy Americans, while virtually all business in the East Indies is in the hands of the Dutch (or other foreigners) with Queen Wilhelmina herself having huge holdings in all the dominating companies.

Also, the Filipinos are now self-governing in internal affairs—whether or not they remain under the American flag after 1946—while there is not even the beginning of any real self-government in the East Indies. The Volksraad has less authority than the first Filipino Assembly under American rule.

The contrasts between these adjoining areas of the Western Pacific have provoked widely diverse reactions. On both my trips to the Indies—in 1936 and this year while Holland was being overrun by the hordes of Hitler—I have met many Americans who prefer the Dutch system. To the Dutch officials, Don Manuel L. Quezon is a more subversive character than Marx, Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin rolled into one, and they view even ordinary Filipino visitors with profound suspicion. The Indonesian press being carefully controlled by the government at all times, there has been virtually no publicity about the Philippine Commonwealth; even its inauguration in 1935 rated only a brief paragraph on an inside page. But to the small, although steadily growing, class of Indonesian intellectuals, the Philippines are the most inspiring political example in the world.

And to all the Dutch themselves these days, the American flag looks much better than the Japanese. To most of them, also, it looks much better than the swastika of Adolph Hitler.

IN TROPICAL agricultural products, the Indies have been much better developed by the Dutch than the Philippines have been by the United States. In fact, there is no comparison between the two areas in world economic importance. The Indies produce 90 per cent of the world's cinchona, 85 per cent of the pepper, 64 per cent of the kapok, 33 per cent of the rubber, 29 per cent of the coconut, 25 per cent of the hard cordage fibres, 17 per cent of the tea, and 24 per cent of the palm oil. Even in coconut, Philippine production is far below Indonesian, while there is no appreciable Philippine production of many of the items named—although all could have been developed.

With regard to rubber, it is ironic to take note of a common belief that this has not been developed appreciably in the Philippines because of the laws forbidding large plantation landholdings. Actually, experience in Indonesia has shown that rubber can be produced much more cheaply by natives on minute holdings than by the foreigners on vast, scientifically managed foreign plantations. Indeed, a major problem of the Dutch has been to limit native rubber production in order to prevent the bankruptcy of the foreign plantations—for the natives have overwhelmingly demonstrated that they can grow rubber profitably at no more than five centavos a pound

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while the foreign plantations can produce profitably only at about five times this price. Further, experts estimate that it would be easily possible for the Indonesians to produce the world's total requirements of rubber at no more than five centavos a pound—and that this could mean for them a higher standard of living than they now enjoy. Probably a slightly higher price would be necessary on the basis of the Filipino standard of living, but it is obvious rubber could have been developed by the *taos* for marketing at much less than is necessary to maintain the foreign plantations in the Indies even with their low-priced labor.

Inquest along this line, however, is fatuous under present world conditions. As it is, virtually all America's rubber comes from the Indies and adjoining British Malaya, and it could not be developed elsewhere under two decades. Other Indonesian agricultural products are also vital to the United States. There are also the tin and oil that are lacking in the Philippines.

So from an economic viewpoint, the East Indies are much more important to the United States than the Philippines, while their geographic extent gives them a much greater strategically commanding position in the Western Pacific. In the hands of the politically insignificant Netherlands, they have been a virtually neutralized area, their raw materials available on equal terms to everyone—with the United States by far the largest buyer thereof.

Under Japanese control, on the other hand, there would no longer be any assurance of freedom of trade. Further, British Malaya would be cut off. Still further, Japan would then be truly one of the greatest of empires in both political control of essential raw materials and strategic position. The Philippines would be indefensibly surrounded, the "China affair" would pale into insignificance, and with Tokyo control of the China coast the Western Pacific would become a Japanese lake.

Japan professes, of course, even as it used to in China, that its only interest in the East Indies is economic; that it has no political designs on them so long as it is assured of security in obtaining their raw materials. Nevertheless, it has already launched foreboding propaganda about the Indies being a "lifeline"; and the constant course of its empire-building since 1931, as well as all its moves since the capitulation of Holland to Hitler, have been in the direction of Batavia.

The Dutch, while trying to appease Japan as Holland tried to appease Hitler, clearly realize their only assurance of security can be the United States. They also realize that even if there is no attack from without, a small number of homelandless Europeans can not indefinitely maintain themselves as lords and masters of 65,000,000 Indonesians.

THERE are only about 25,000 pure Dutch in the East Indies, although upwards of 200,000 Eurasians have the status of Nederlanders. Including the Nederlanden Eurasians, there are less than 300,000 Europeans in the islands with several thousands of them (Germans and Dutch Nazis) interned during the German conquest of Holland. At the same time, the Nazis hold as hostages in Holland some of the nearest and dearest rela-

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tives of virtually every Dutchman in the Indies.

The politically organized Indonesians number about a half million in seven political parties that were federated into the *Gapi* last year under the leadership of the very astute Moehammad Hoseni Thamrin, a member of the Volksraad and former acting mayor of Batavia. The long avowed aim of the parties composing the *Gapi* has been the achievement by strictly legal means of a "responsible government"—a sort of dominion status under the Dutch flag.

I first saw Mr. Thamrin on this trip shortly before the German invasion of Holland.

"How soon the political reforms we seek in the Netherlands Indies will be obtained depends on the political situation," he told me. "It is certain that after the war there will be a change in the position of colonies."

Above him as he spoke was a large, broadly smiling picture of his "good friend" President Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth. They became acquainted when Mr. Quezon visited the Indies several years ago, and since they have maintained close contact.

AFTER Hitler's blitzkrieging of Holland, Mr. Thamrin interviewed me on precisely what Secretary of State Hull meant by maintaining the *status quo* of the Netherlands Indies. In Mr. Thamrin's opinion, the fate of his country—and with it the security of the Western Pacific—depended on the United States. He was greatly impressed with Japanese empire-building, but not favorably: simply on the basis that Japan had already become so powerful that only the United States could halt its further aggressive advance.

So it was to the United States that Mr. Thamrin and his group turned, for only under such an aegis could there now be hope of development of Indonesia along the lines of the Philippines; while, as Mr. Thamrin pointed out, the progress and security of the United States also depended on the attainment of these desiderata in the Western Pacific. And the Philippines and the East Indies are, or could be, complementary.

Dutch in culture himself, Mr. Thamrin pays full tribute to the Dutch for the benefits of their rule to Indonesia. Like all the other nationalist leaders, however, he is critical of many aspects of this rule. The average daily wage, for example, of factory coolies in the Java sugar industry is 27 guilder cents a day for men and 23 guilder cents a day for women—with the guilder meaning a little less in purchasing power than the peso. Government statistics show that in incomes of from 900 guilders a year up, 66,258 Europeans have a total income of guilders 286,770,646 compared with 31,174 Indonesians with a total income of guilders 58,414,081. The overwhelming bulk of the natives, of course, make less than 100 guilders a year, while wage taxes start at 90 guilders a year. The basic tax is only one guilder; but it rises rapidly, so that small clerks pay from a month to a month and a half salary to the government. There are also land taxes which are officially from 8 to 10 per cent, depending on soil fertility, but nationalist leaders claim that arbitrary assessments make this tax from 35 to 50 per cent of the total crop each year—and there are

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cases cited where total taxes assessed actually exceed total income! Besides the wage and land taxes, there are irrigation taxes and taxes for village upkeep.

Nationalism in the Indies has always been reformist, not for outright independence; and today all the nationalist leaders — particularly Mr. Thamrin—realize the futility of pure nationalism. Nor are they anti-Dutch; but if it is no longer possible to get what they long sought under the Dutch flag, the desired alternative is progress and security along with the Philippines under the flag of the States.

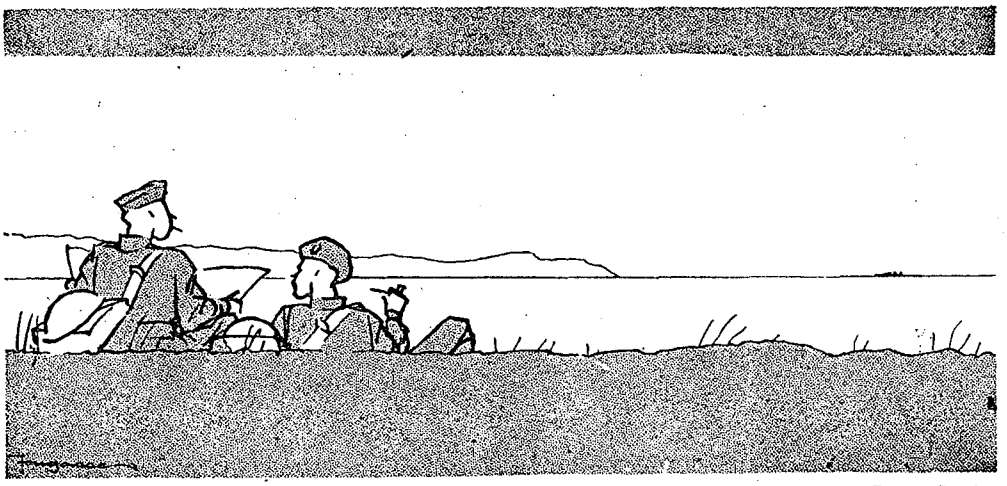
There is an old legend known to every Javanese, of Djojo Bojo, prince of Madjapahit — a kingdom of the islands conquered by the Hindus in the Fourteenth Century—who predicted that when carts should run without horses and lights burn without fire, the end of foreign domination was near.

But before the end, the rule of a white race would be succeeded for a brief time by the rule of a yellow race.

This legend is now being oft repeated by one Javanese to another, but no publication of it is permitted.

MEANWHILE, the Dutch themselves are carrying on in their traditional manner, with fortitude and with the highest order of administrative efficiency, although not with their old assurance. Most, at least, expect a measure of protection by the United States against Japan; some—of great influence although not in the government—have privately voiced the hope that if the worst happens, if Holland is not restored, the East Indies will come forthrightly under the flag of the United States. Some others, however, would prefer German rule, although none, I think, would want Japanese overlordship.

There can be no doubt at all what the vast bulk of the politically conscious Indonesians desire—for in the light of the Philippine example this would in effect fulfill the prophecy of Djojo Bojo without, they hope, an interval of domination by a yellow race.



—*Punch*, London

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Straws in the Wind

The Irrelevant New Testament

The teaching of the Bible is collected here with the necessary explanation. Nearly all the evidence comes from the Old Testament: much in the New Testament that is relied on by pacifists is really irrelevant.

—Advertisement for *War—What Does the Bible Say?*, England

We'd Like to Believe It

A prophecy curiously applicable to these tragic days was made by the famous old-time soothsayer Mother Shipton. In a little pamphlet of her predictions, published in 1687, are to be found these lines:

Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance,
Before her people shall be free.
Three Tyrant Rulers shall she see;
Three times the people rule alone;
Three times the people's hope is gone;
Three rulers in succession see,
Each spring from different dynasty.
Then shall the worser fight be done,
England and France shall be as one.

—*Manchester Guardian*, England

Can't Be Possible

Hitler's "secret weapon" was being discussed.

"My friends at the War Office," claimed Lance Corporal Smith, "told me all about it."

His hearers were duly impressed.

"It's like this," continued Smith. "The Führer's going to keep his word — and paralyze the enemy from shock."

—*Sunday Chronicle*, London

Society Note

The Earl of Rosebery's horse, Blue Peter, the winner of last year's Derby, recently left the Mentmore Stud, near Leighton Buzzard, for a short stay in Dorset. He will return to Mentmore in the autumn.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Ministry of Information

(After Ralph Waldo Emerson)

The Nazis were . . . the first to disclose to the world the fact that a time bomb had exploded at Buckingham Palace and made it look as though the British had been forced into admitting it by the Nazi announcer.—*Daily Telegraph.*

If the newsmongers think I fail
Since Britain's news is always last,
Late news to me is one with stale
And one the present with the past.

Their feverish and puny feuds
Stir not my nescience sublime
Nor reached my wandering vastitudes
Capacious as the womb of time.

The more I change the more the same
I heed no Parliamentary storm,
The implications of my name
Do not constrain me to inform.

I grow the more that I am lopped
I am the spur and I the drag
I am the stopper and the stopped
The gagged the gagger and the gag.

More I withhold than I release
Of that which in my deeps I store,
Much I shall hide until the peace
And much keep back for evermore.

—"Sagittarius" in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

That's Not Enough

Professor Isoo Abe, it seems, makes a poor politician. Of his proposed leadership of a new Labor party, a contemporary remarks: "Speaking of Mr. Abe, he doesn't seem to be anything more than a man of character. Certainly he does not appear to be endowed with any special political talent." Comment would spoil this choice estimate.

—*Japan Chronicle*

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The Peerage an Okay

The appeal by the banned clubs will be based on the fact that the premises were well conducted, visits from the police were welcomed, and that many titled persons were regular guests.

—*Sunday Dispatch*, London

Protection from Glamour

On the seventeenth I read that bottle parties were to be suppressed. I never go to bottle parties, but the news rendered me unable to complete my breakfast. Sir John Anderson had better realize that this war is already too colorless and puritanical. Most bottle parties are well conducted, and our soldiers do not need police protection from glamour girls.

—Editorial in *World Review*, London

The Trojan Whale

It was followed within a few days by submarines, including the largest one in the French Navy, which carries an aeroplane, a number of destroyers, sloops, minelayers, small mosquito craft and a large and mixed collection of miscellaneous craft . . . .

—"Daily Paper" quoted in *Punch*, London

In the Midday Sun?

The mad Englishman and woman has a fondness for the bathroom. We are a clean-living race; we fight cleanly . . . and the Nazi knows this, and takes full advantage of our scrupulous regard for the rules of warfare and all games . . . and we have been laughed at by the foreigner for our keenness for a bath.

—*Sunday Sun*, London

War Effects, No. 2360-A

Pleasant spot on a warm afternoon is open-air terrace of Newyorker Bar Club in Park-lane. Richard Leggot, who runs it with Gordon Naffey, is inventor of ladies' cocktail called Gates of Heaven.

Drink contains small portion of gold-dust which clings artistically to lipstick.

—*Evening Standard*, London

The Unsporting Government

"No one in this district that I know will begin to shoot pheasants before October. I certainly would not think of it, but in any case I am indisposed. The whole thing is most unsporting."

—The Duke of Atholl, commenting on the Government Order that pheasants might be shot from September 1, instead of October 1, reported in the *Scottish Daily Express*.

'We Shall Win'

Sir,—Someone has said that the new B.B.C. signal is quite a nice "tune"—but what were the words?

The quiet unobstrusive insistence of the simple notes so characteristic of our staid national dignity, reaching the hearts of countless millions of British peoples at home and abroad, confident in the power and might of the Empire, should encourage everyone to murmur as they listen—"We shall win!"

—Letter in the *Sunday Times*, London

The Ultimate Ecstasy

A girl who had run out from a hair-dressing salon with her hair half done to watch the spectacle said: "I wouldn't have missed it to speak to Clark Gable."

—*Daily Mail*, London

At Last, A Real Issue!

If our nation does not pull itself together and throw off this serious handicap of smoking now, we shall have a hard struggle to win the fight against the non-smoking Nazis.

—*Clear Air*, organ of the (British) National Society of Non-Smokers.

A Niche in Time

A Berne tombstone maker has sent out a circular letter saying that, as the price of stone and marble is going to increase, people should take advantage of the present low prices and give him an order now. The circular continues:

"Should you need a tombstone at present for some person of your family, you may order it now, and I will store it for nothing until you need it."

—*Times*, London

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The Forgotten Kingcups

By LORD DUNSANY

Spectator, London Weekly

I NEVER knew in what year this happened. It is the story an old colonel told me when I was quite young, right at the beginning of this century; old Colonel Charders. I was too young to question him, or so I felt at the time, so I never found out in what year it all happened, some year in which railways were rare in the Engadine and none went further than Thusis, and there he had hired a sleigh and driven into the mountains; and he gave me the impression of the splendor of peaks, frowning down from among their storms at the calm of lakes, and there turning to smiles; but then night came and the snow, and he could only see the gleams of monastery windows far up one of the mountains. He said the snow fell so heavily that there was nothing at all to see but the flash of those lights. And a wind came and the snow began to drift, and the sleigh driver had said they could get no farther.

Well, the colonel said that a house like that must have some path leading up to it: the driver knew nothing of it, but lent his lantern, and just got back to Thusis; and the colonel, as it happened, had found the path; but it had not been an easy walk for him, and at times he had felt that he would never do it, and at one moment he felt practically certain of that; but just then a monk who had seen his light and come out to meet him found him sitting down in the snow. Together they reached the monastery; and a bad wind had arisen, and was increasing, and just then the storm got very bad indeed. He found several monks by the big door, which was already open, and they seemed as though they were rather pleased with the storm, as though it had given them an opportunity of doing one of the things for which they lived, which was sheltering travelers on such nights as this. Then they fed him and I suppose they dried him, and what they all talked to him about he never told me; his memory seemed only full of what one of the monks had told him after dinner, sitting alone with him in their long library and giving him a good deal of some very sweet wine that they made. I gather that the colonel had been very near frozen to death and the monks had probably taken a good deal of trouble to thaw him, and for all I know they may have overdone it, any way he sat there with this old monk, Brother Ignetello, drinking their strange wine, which seems sufficiently to have awoken his imagination to make him realize that the world had once been new and bright and surprising to all of them, as it was then to him. Or perhaps he did not quite realize that, but at least he guessed it, and made some such remark to the monk. He supposed, he said, that some of them had had lives

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and experience out in the world quite different from what they now enjoyed with their books.

"Well, yes," the monk said. "Yes, some of us."

And then he had wanted to show the colonel some of their old books, bound in fine leather by those who cared for their work. But instead of looking at the books the colonel had persuaded the monk to drink some of the wine himself. He seemed pleased, as he gazed into the puffs of smoke from his pipe, at the success of his persuasion. He had returned once more to the subject of the big world outside those monastery walls, and speculated as to whether or not the monks had seen some of its wonders. And then the old monk had spoken. How many years his story ran back the colonel did not know, but he told me the monk was very old indeed. Yes, Brother Ignetello said, they in that monastery had had experiences, even as other men. Even he himself had known some of those moments that make young men's hearts throb. The old man's eyes so lighted up that the colonel thought he was about to be told of some such moments. The old monk never did tell him, but remained gazing to the far end of the long dim room, with an ecstatic light in his eyes. And there was deep silence. When the colonel saw that he was going to get no story of a young man's adventures, he pushed the wine across to the old monk and asked one more question.

"And what brought you here?" he said.

He felt sure that he would get an answer to that, for that referred to the life to which their vocation had called them, and not to the life from which they had wilfully turned away. And after a while Brother Ignetello did answer. He started suddenly, and then went on, like one of those streams that break out of the ice in the mountains.

"There was a war in Europe," he said, "a long while ago, and there was one battle on which it all depended, and on the enemy's left was a little stream."

"What was the name of the stream?" asked Colonel Charders, thinking from that to get the place of the whole episode, and that would of course at once have told him the date, of which he had no idea, for the monk's age might have been anything.

"Gravigny," answered the monk.

"Gravigny?" the colonel repeated.

"It is only marked on military maps," said Brother Ignetello, "and perhaps no longer on those, and on the map of somebody's farm stored away in a lawyer's office in some little town, with the few legal documents, whatever they be, that pertain to that farmer's business. Capitals are on great rivers; geography tells of them; but history is sometimes made by little streams, and battles have to do with such streams as Gravigny, which you will find on no map. I saw at once its importance. Once we crossed that little stream we should threaten the enemy's left. It was all we needed. He would have had to have watched it; he would have had to have brought his reserves there. We should have done what I wanted in the center then. Europe doubtless seems to you as solid as the mountains, as ancient and as enduring as the ranges; one country here, one country there, as immovable as the Alps; yet if we had

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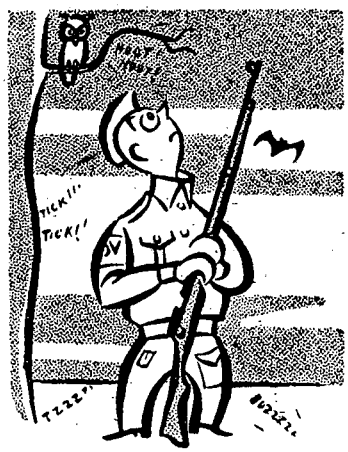
crossed that stream you would have learned of different frontiers, young sir, when you were at your school."

"I was absolutely enthralled when he stopped," said the colonel. " 'And did you not cross it?' I asked."

"Ah, well," said the monk, "we are not all born Napoleons. Certainly I was not. The stream ran through green meadows, and in the meadows there were kingcups shining. I never noticed the kingcups! Had I been Napoleon . . . but I never noticed the



kingcups. Napoleon would have seen them. They were there in great clusters."

"So wistful a tone had come into his voice," said the colonel, "that I sat there amazed. 'The kingcups?' I said."

"I sent all my cavalry down," the old monk continued, "and never noticed the kingcups."

"I thought now that the old man was wandering," said the colonel, "confusing some idyll of his youth with the war he had known later, and yet I believed that he was speaking the truth, and I wanted to extricate his tale of the battle from the one with which it appeared to have been confused.

" 'But why would Napoleon have noticed the kingcups?' I asked quietly."

"The ground was marshy," the old monk said and gave a quiet sigh, then smiled and seemed to dismiss the past, brushing away from his mind lure and grief of glory and failure, and every line of his face was calm again.

"I remember to this day," said the colonel, "how my lame words limped through the silence. 'And, and what happened?' I said."

"I saw in a moment," said Brother Ignetello, "that my ambition would not be fulfilled, and decided in that moment to come here."

"But your ambition?" asked the colonel. "What was it?"

"I think," said the old monk, "that that now concerns only my confessor and me. But you have come to us on a very stormy night and we are very happy to shelter you and to do all that we can to make the time pass pleasantly until the sleigh can get back, and so I will tell you what you ask, as I told my confessor many, many years since."

"Yes, yes," said the colonel to keep him to the point. "Your ambition was——"

"World domination," said the monk.

WHOM had he met? To whom was he speaking? Wonder surged through the young man's mind.

"But who are you?" he blurted out.

And the old man smiled.

"Why," he said, spreading out the palms of his hands, "I am Brother Ignetello."

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Butterflies and cats suffer, fish benefit from wars among people

Innocent Bystanders

By CICELY HAMILTON

Listener, Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

A FEW years ago I read in a German magazine that one of the consequences of the last world war was a decrease—a very considerable decrease—in the number of peacock butterflies in Germany; from being a plentiful species, as they are in England, they became comparatively rare. Butterflies, one imagines, are not often killed in action, but, all the same, this decline in the peacock population could be traced directly to the war, and curiously enough, to the war as waged at sea. For the war at sea—the naval blockade—by depriving the German people of their customary imports of raw material, brought about a shortage in such daily necessities as clothing and household linen. And as clothing wore out, substitutes had to be provided for the missing wool, cotton and flax—and one of those substitutes was manufactured from the stinging-nettle; from the fiber of the nettle was produced a coarse sort of cottonish material which was largely used in the manufacture of tablecloths and towels. When I was in the Rhineland in 1919, in the area occupied by the British Army, I had to buy one or two towels and couldn't get anything except the nettle variety—which was not only stiff and unpleasant to use but very soon gave signs of wearing out.

The connection between the blockade, the towels and the butterfly is simply this: the nettle is the favorite nourishment of the peacock's caterpillar; it is in nettlebeds, therefore, that the butterfly is wont to lay its eggs. I need hardly point out that a demand for nettles by German manufacturers meant that what had hitherto been merely a weed, and a noxious weed at that, was transformed into a plant of commercial value; so, instead of affording nourishment to caterpillars, nettlebeds all over the country were cut down and their harvest despatched to the factory, to be worked into towels and tablecloths. And so, for lack of rations, an inevitable decline occurred in the numbers of the peacock

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butterfly: a decline for which the Navy, patrolling the seas, was largely, though unconsciously, responsible.

Many animals decreased in number in the course of that four-years' war, as no doubt they are decreasing now. And some of them decreased not only in numbers but in size. In Vienna once, not long after the war, I was taken to one of the public soup-kitchens which, for many of the starving Viennese, were the only source of supply. The soup they were served contained no meat; beans, I believe, were its principal ingredient; meat in post-war Vienna was something of a rarity. As I stood watching the serving process —the people filing by and holding out their bowls for their portions—something rubbed against my ankle and I looked down and saw a white kitten. Pets have a way of disappearing when a country goes on short commons, and this kitten of the soup-kitchen was the first member of the cat tribe I had seen since I arrived in Austria: an ugly little member, with a wizened face and sharp-pointed nose. But whether they are ugly or whether they are handsome, the cat tribe always appeals to me, so I picked the creature up, and stood stroking it. One of the Austrian ladies in charge of the soup-kitchen was standing nearby and presently I said to her something about "your kitten"—whereupon she corrected me: "That's not a kitten, it's a cat." For a moment I stared unbelieving, but she nodded and repeated "A cat." And so indeed it was—a cat two years old, that should have been full grown but, for lack of proper feeding, was the size of a three months' kitten. Because it had been given a home in a soup-kitchen and was fed by the cooks on the scrapings of their saucepans, the poor little beast had managed to keep itself alive, but though scrapings of bean soup in sufficient quantity may fill a kitten's stomach and keep life in its body, they do not enable it to grow. For that purpose it needs its carnivorous nourishment—meat in some form or another; and I do not imagine that stunted little animal had ever, in its twenty-four months of life, pushed its wizened little nose into a platter of meat or lapped up a saucerful of milk. And that soup-kitchen dwarf was the only cat I set eyes on during my stay in Austria; and so far as I remember, cats were equally scarce in the Rhineland about that date.

FROM what we hear of the food supply of Europe, it is more than likely that the domestic cat and the domestic dog will again be rare in parts of the continent by the time the guns have ceased to thunder. You may have read of a recent broadcast warning issued to the people of the Netherlands, to the effect that the owners of pets must feed them from their own rations—there could be no question under German domination of food supplies for dogs and cats. That means, no doubt, a death sentence for the majority of household pets.

But if cats die out in the rest of Holland, they will probably survive in the cheese factories and storehouses —even though it is unlikely that factories and storehouses are as well stocked as they were last year, before the coming of the Nazi, when one of them (so I was told by its director) contained on its shelves an array of Dutch cheeses which, if they had been laid in one long row, would have stretched out a good five miles. As we walked through the avenues of ripen-

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ing cheese, I asked my guide how they managed to protect it from mice, and his answer was: "Plenty of cats!" The services of these cats, I conclude, will be still in demand. As most cats of my acquaintance have shown a strong liking for cheese, I went on to inquire if the factory mousers didn't sometimes help themselves to a meal of good ripe Dutch? To which my guide answered, they had no need to help themselves; they could have as much as they wanted and more from the samples scooped out of the cheeses, in order to test their quality. For he went on to tell me that the cats, themselves, were excellent judges of quality; it was no good offering them morsels of the second-best, cheaper type of cheese—all they would condescend to accept was the superior article, known as the *vollvet*, or full cream.

Though cats and dogs, like peacock butterflies, may diminish in numbers through scarcity of provender, their species are not likely to die out; once the war is over, they will breed and multiply again. That, however, is not always the case; at least one form of animal life disappeared from Europe, for good and all, in the course of the last Great War. This was the aurochs or European bison—a cousin of the North American buffalo—which survived, till a quarter of a century ago, in the forest region of Russian Poland, a hunting-ground of the Tsars. When war broke out, the herd was some hundreds strong; when it came to an end, not one of them was left—the European bison was no more.

Not every form of animal life has cause to regret the quarrels of the human race. The fish of the sea are not always affected unfavorably. It is, of course, obvious that since the war began countless thousands of fish must have been destroyed—by mines, by oil, by the bursting of shells, by bombs dropped from airplanes and by depth charges. But all the same there are certain respects in which war at sea is advantageous to the fish world; it curtails the activities of the fishing boat, and especially the activities of that modern development, the steam trawler. The steam trawler of today can drag up far more fish than the old sailing craft it superseded; in fact, its capacity for catch is so great that there are certain fishing-grounds, within reach of our coasts, which are less profitable than they were in years gone by—because, thanks to the trawl, the fish population is declining.

One of these regions is the North Sea, where the decline, of late years, has been marked enough to arouse anxiety and call for official inquiry. But during the last war, whatever the annoyance they had to put up with from belligerent warships, the fish population of the North Sea were left in comparative peace by their customary enemies, the fishermen. In consequence, they multiplied instead of decreasing; and when the war had ended, and unrestricted fishing was once more possible, the yearly catch of the North Sea fleets was larger than it had been in 1913 by something like a million hundredweight. Thanks to the renewed activities of the trawl, that prosperous state of things did not last very long; in succeeding years the catch dropped heavily, as the fish population declined again. If the Dogger Bank fish have any memory of the past—any understanding of the conduct of humanity and the world that is not water—they must often, in their

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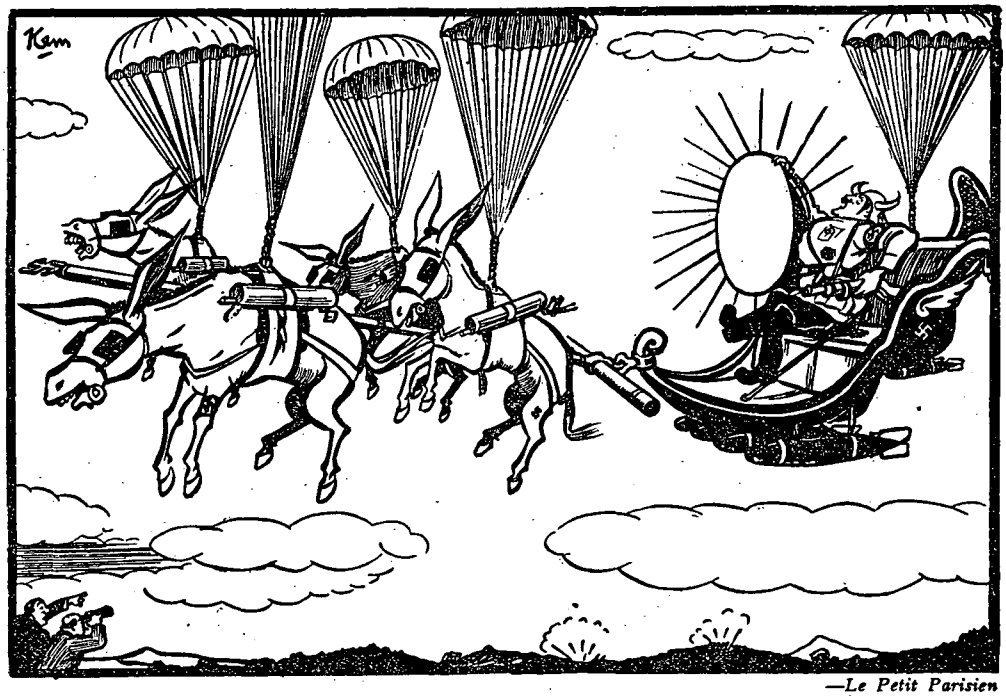
much-harried years of peace, regret the greater safety of those other years when the human race was at war.

ONE OTHER instance of the effect of our quarrels on animal life: the migration of domestic animals. I am not thinking only of their flight as refugees, when fowls and goats and protesting pigs are thrust into farm-carts as the enemy advances and take to the road with their owners. I am thinking rather of an organized animal migration, such as took place, after the last war, to the devastated area of France. The livestock left in the devastated area, when the guns ceased firing and the armies moved away, consisted chiefly of rats; so the livestock required to re-people the farms—the cattle and sheep, the pigs, ducks and chickens—had to be imported from districts that shellfire had not wasted, and came chiefly from Germany, as reparations in kind. They came, these creatures, in veritable hordes. Until I saw some of the official figures I never realized how vast was the volume of post-war animal migration. Not only cattle, sheep, pigs and goats — their numbers running into millions—but geese, ducks and chickens, partridges, rabbits and hares. Insects also were among the emigrants; twenty-five thousand swarms of bees were evacuated from other regions to settle down in Northern France. One pictures the strange variety of travellers—quacking and crowing and lowing and buzzing. Herds of them, crates of them, hives of them. . . . And we may take it for granted that, when the present war ends, there will be need for another migration of animal life to countries the German has stripped bare.



—Le Petit Parisien

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It may be a better one, based on 'internationalism of experience'

World to Come

By SIR HUGH WALPOLE

London Calling, Overseas Journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation

TWO things of a very opposite nature that have occurred in recent days seem to me to point a moral—not that I want to point a moral, for I hate the things, but we live in a time when under stress of continuous, unrelenting emotion we are forced to come down deep into some real and absolute truths.

Not to be too solemn to start with, the first thing that struck me was our new budget, or rather the reception of it. We are always having new budgets now, and I myself, at any rate, have reached a kind of saturation point. After all, by order of the powers-that-be, a month or two ago I gave everything up to my Government, and that simple fact really stopped me thinking about money, and I have felt an airy, bodiless kind of creature ever since.

The second little incident occurred in the big sale rooms at Christies, when books and manuscripts were auctioned for the benefit of the Red Cross. I had a lively personal interest in this sale, because I had been chairman of this Books and Manuscripts Committee. For months and months I had either been digging out of reluctant owners their precious possessions, or welcomed with startled surprise the generosity of unexpected and often unheard-of people. Well, there we were, in Christies' famous room, offering at about two-a-minute wonderful things like manuscript poems by Byron, Oliver Cromwell's letters, the manuscripts of famous novels by Rider Haggard and Somerset Maugham, and disposing of the loveliest old missals and books of paintings and figures that would make any artist's mouth water.

The atmosphere both around the budget and around the wonderful self-sacrifice of so many priceless treasures was one of gaiety and abandon. I don't say that any of us exactly welcome these budgets, and I know that I for one gave up a certain manuscript of my own with a desperate kind of homesickness; when I saw it disap-

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pearing among all the other books it was as though I had just sent my small son to school for the first time. The point I want to make is that here in England we are surrendering everything we have, without any hesitation whatever—and for what?

Myself, I am a man, I suppose, who has had a lot of luck in life. I have been able to earn my living by working at something I love. I have had for thirty years as much money as I could possibly want. I have been able to move with absolute freedom, and until this war I had very few qualms about the kind of life that I was leading and the sort of world in which I was living. That sounds very self-satisfied, but I didn't think myself so.

I thought England was a pretty good place. I knew that there were many things wrong with it—that the slums were terrible, that in the last ten years stories about the devastated areas in the North of England were shocking. I am ashamed to say that I thought I did my part. I took some interest in housing. I was occupied with various charities near my own country home. When I travelled abroad I thought that I got on very well with men in other countries. It is true that I was aware that, more than any other type of any other country, a certain sort of Englishman was detested by everybody. The aloof, supercilious, patronizing Englishman who behaved in any country where he happened to be as though he owned it. I most certainly, I was well assured, was not like that myself.

I took very little interest during the last twenty-five years in international politics. It was the arts that interested me. I went to Germany for music, to France for painting, to New York for the theater, and so on. The last war did nothing to me at all. We were fighting, I understood, for the self-determination of small nations. It was going to be a much better world when the war was over, but I never bothered my head as to what kind of a world it was going to be. I was, in fact, like millions of people everywhere, fast asleep in my own self-complacency.

NOW I quite suddenly find myself ready to give up everything —to surrender my comfort, my possessions, my luxuries for all my remaining years. I find myself surrounded by people who are ready to do the same thing. Why? I am nearly fifty-seven years of age. It's rather late to wake up. I haven't, perhaps, a very long lease of life to which to look forward, and yet I am looking forward, with an eagerness that astonishes me, to a brave new world.

Isn't this simply wishful thinking? Weren't we all looking forward during the last war to a wonderful new world, and did anything come of it? Weren't we, in spite of those four years, greedy and selfish when it was all over? Yes, you in America, as well as ourselves in England. Is there any reason whatever to suppose that everything that follows this war won't be just as disappointing as everything that followed the last? Nay, worse, for this time we shall have given up everything: even this freedom about which we talk so much will be constricted by poverty, by strikes, by international revolution—all the old horrors to go through once again, and oneself older and feebler, and less able to fight them. Yet we are most of

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us here submitting to the budgets, selling our possessions for charity, giving everything that we have to the Gvernment, with what we might call an almost crazy optimism.

I'll try and give you some reasons for that as I see them. For one thing, we are all awake at last. This war has touched and is touching all of us. Every hour is filled with personal, individual apprehension. What are possessions worth in comparison with the lives of your wives, children, and friends? We are driven back here on to the starkest realities. We are threatened not only with death—that seems, oddly, a small thing—but, for the first time in the experience of any of us, the possibility that we may not be able to move, to think, to speak, except under orders; that treachery may be so universal that we distrust our best friends; that the tortures and the brutalities of the Gestapo may be proved in our own back-garden.

SO THE very first thing that we are realizing is that in the world, after this war, we have all got to guard and protect one another. We are anxious not for ourselves, but for those we love, and that anxiety is so poignant that we have resolved that in the new world we will none of us suffer it again. That means at once an equality. We have suffered for years in England from class snobbery, neglect of the very poor, indifference to what was going on in the street next to ours. For the first time for 400 years, in England there's beginning to be an absolute equality, an equality created by the imminent threat of the loss of the freedom of all of us.

When, at the beginning of the war, thousands of children were evacuated from the northern towns into the country, the country people saw with horror their neglected condition, and swore, as I know, thousands upon thousands of them, that this should never be allowed again. The world after the war is going to be a people's world. It is already ceasing to be a war of nations. We are discovering that there are men and women, millions of men and women in every country, who feel and think as we do. All the minor differences of language and custom, and sensitiveness to small snubs or meannesses, have vanished before this great common desire that nobody ever again shall suffer from that dreadful apprehension of losing his own individual liberty. This means, surely, that in the new world the differences between countries will disappear before the common general realization of a terrible tyranny that nearly destroyed us. Because we all of us are being personally threatened every day with death, we will, surely, realize the folly of letting modern scientific invention go so far ahead of us that next time we will all be destroyed, perhaps by some death-ray 200 miles away from us.

The things that prevented us after the last war from making a new world were complacency, small greeds, meannesses, but this time our passionate realization of what loss of liberty means is becoming a kind of religion. I am afraid that vague ideals, words, phrases are no good in building a new world. Actual experience for every individual is necessary before he will make a real resolve. When, two months or so ago, the Germans moved with that deadly swiftness across France, some of us

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swore that when we had won this war we would help towards an internationalism of experience. I mean the experience of every man who had been forbidden to speak the truth, of every woman who had seen the terrified face of her child, of every friend whose companion had been led away into a concentration camp.

This is only the basis of why I think, without undue optimism, that a new world is bound to come. I believe in God, and I believe, too, that because the last war was not enough to shake us all out of our separateness, this war was bound to come, to strike every one of us individually. Here in England, already I see new schemes for education, new thoughts about housing, a new friendliness between anyone and everyone, a new feeling of closeness to the oppressed peoples of Europe. We are, indeed, no longer an island. No country after this war will be apart from any other country. The imminent presence of death and the still more terrible possibility that, if we don't fight to the last man, we shall never be free again, has forced us to come close to one another.

ABSURD tariffs, blind clutchings to possessions that we only hold in trust, old-fashioned methods of endless, international discussion, stupid obstinacies about language and creed and personal habits—all these belong to the old world. It's of no use for anyone to think that that world will ever exist again. We are fighting with an excited optimism in our hearts, because we see the possibility of at last coming together through the horrid experience of realizing how helpless we are when we are apart.

That Explains Everything

From the address of Adolf Hitler at the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the National Socialist Party, speaking at Munich on February 26, 1940:

" . . . Besides, I believe in one thing: there is a Lord God. This God created the nations. In principle, he gave all the peoples equal rights. We Germans behaved very badly twenty-three years ago. Then came revolution, and for that reason we were defeated. Then came the resurgence of our people and their arduous labor. And during all that time, Providence was with us. A few months ago I myself felt very deeply the workings of Divine Providence, which directs human beings and assigns to them their various tasks and duties. We are fulfilling those tasks. What we want is not to oppress other peoples, but our freedom, our security, the security of our living-space, security for the life of the nation. That is what we are fighting for."

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World Events as interpreted by The Living Age, *November 1915*

THE *Hibbert Journal* published Lord Bryce's presidential address to the British Academy. He said that it was "well that whoever has gained from his studies something of an historical sense should in an historical spirit place on record from month to month the impressions he receives. The record will be almost as useful if the impressions should turn out to be erroneous as if they should be confirmed by subsequent events, because what the historian of the future will desire to know is not only what happened but what people believed and thought at the time it was happening. That which is omitted has also its value. Fifty years hence men will be struck by the significance of things whose significance was not perceived by contemporary observers, and will seek to know why those observers failed to see or comprehend facts which will then stand in bold relief."

He enumerated his own "impressions" as follows: "The first fact is the immense width and range of the war. . . . Secondly, there is the prodigious influence of the war upon neutral nations. . . . Thirdly, the changes in the methods and character of war have been far more extensive than in any previous period. . . . Fourthly, the cost of war is greater in proportion to the size of the armies, immensely larger as these armies are, than it ever was before. . . . Fifthly, in each nation, the whole body of the people is more fully and more hotly interested in, and united by, this war than by any it ever waged before. . . . Sixthly, some grave moral issues have been raised more sharply than before. (Is a state above morality?) . . . Seventhly, the predictions that the vast interests involved, the increasing strength of defense as opposed to attack, and the growth of a general pacific sentiment would avert strife, have all proved fallacious."

The London *Nation* discussed Henry Ford in relation to *The Growth of American Pacifism*. "Mr. Ford," it said, "has aspirations that are not satisfied with a turnover of £20,000,000 and a net profit of £4,000,000 a year. . . . Since the war and the vast amount of discussion it has stirred up in the United States, Mr. Ford has developed strong pacifist views. Only last month he came out as a vehement opponent of the policy of increasing the American Army, renewing and modernizing the Navy, and the sale of munitions to the belligerent nations. . . . To the Anglo-French loan he has offered, as one might expect, a determined opposition . . . not merely because he thinks the security bad—in his view it is a gamble on the chances of an Allied victory—but because the whole transaction encourages militarism, and 'connects the American people with the war.'"

Another prominent pacifist of that time was the late Jane Addams who, after a trip to Europe, was telling American audiences that the Allied soldiers had to be "doped" with rum

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or absinthe (according to nationality) before they were willing to go into battle. In the *National Review*, A. Maurice Low rebuked Miss Addams for such statements: "Being a woman has its limitations; it prevents her, among other things, from having an intimate knowledge of the real man . . . but it has been explained to her that rum-soaked soldiers are hardly in a condition to make a bayonet charge and that men do not have to be 'doped' to fight."

Sydney Brooks wrote, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on *Mr. Lloyd George and the War*: "In this art [shaping public opinion] British statesmanship during the past twelve months has shown itself singularly unpractised. 'Gentlemen,' I seem to remember the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain saying some twenty years ago, 'this is not a Government; it is a deaf-and-dumb institution.' I will not say that the present government quite deserves to be so characterized; but it is certain that our Ministers, with one exception, have proved astonishingly inept in either catching and reflecting and interpreting or in appealing to the temper of the country. The exception, of course, is Mr. Lloyd George. . . . Yet it must be with something like a gasp of incredibility that many people regard the position he has won for himself and the uses to which he is putting it. Anyone who would have prophesied in the early years of this century that before a decade and a half had gone by Mr. Lloyd George would be not merely a member of the Government and Chancellor of the Exchequer [he did not become Prime Minister until the following year], but the mirror of the fighting soul of the nation in a stupendous European war, would have been written down a lunatic."

"Books and Authors" reviewed *Spragge's Canyon* by Horace Annesley Vachell. "The hero's name is George Spragge," and he "is a young giant who captures and sells rattlesnakes, takes a young condor from its parent nest and otherwise comports himself in a manner astonishing to an Oakland young woman desirous of adding him to her list of conquests. His behavior when pursued is unexpected, and his final victory is not what he planned, but it is completely satisfactory to him and also to his rural Eve and his city Lilith. The condor and the snakes are less fortunate."

Houghton Mifflin Co. had just published *Some Imagist Poets—An Anthology* and, "It is explained that the arrangement of authors is alphabetical, to avoid any appearance of precedence. It is not easy to describe imagist verse. Its quality can best be discerned by quotation. Here is *New Love* by Richard Aldington:

"She has new leaves
After her dead flowers,
Like the little almond-tree
Which the frost hurt."

British Bravery

Town of Missing Men
Cheerful Wives
—Headlines in *Sunday Times*, London

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Poems of the Month

Selected by OSCAR WILLIAMS

The Imitation of Faust

While I, here in this rented room, under
The hooded lamp, squeeze my brains,
Exhaust the battery of my eyes
And drain the fuel of my veins,
The night is rocked with thunder.
The unexpected violent summer storm
Draws me to the window where
I watch the rain boil in gutters,
Steam as it sucks down sewers.
Tonight the murderer is abroad
And the stranger is doped in the sailor's den.
Tonight, beneath the chandeliers,
While I grow hunchbacked in a world of men,
The tall women move in their atmospheres.
Shall I make this art my mephistopheles,
Conjure cars, success, women from it?
Thunder and lightning! and while
My backstage angel sings
I'll walk my simple devil from the wings
And like the restless scholar made invisible
Enter the hazards of actual lives.
Then come, the night is going.
We will be late for supper in the reserved suite.
Enter with the apologetic waiter
Who enters with the hot tray and the smoking meat.
The orders are we are not to be disturbed.
We too have sent the orchids with the witty note,
Enclosed the rope of pearls in the candy box,
Those pearls that pulse now at the basin of her throat.
Mark this man: he is dangerous
And at his gesture trips are cancelled, fortunes undone,
The bride deserted on the honeymoon bed.
Is this the coveted world you came to admire?
The perfect teeth a world of cripples envies?
The barbered jowls above the correct attire?
Mark him closer:
Though he stirs the demitasse with an engraved spoon
How shall he feel secure
Whose universe is founded on what his stocks will do at noon?
What friend shall he trust when a bribe has bought friends?
What woman when a fur has bought women?
Chromium, sleeping powders, the private car,
None of these shall avail him in the insomniac night
When, turning in the darkness toward the butler's room,
He sees himself a falling meteor.

Meanwhile continue, since you must know it all.
Stand behind the gambler at the green table,
Intense and weary with the long play.
He winces at the ace that passes him,
The jack needed and the queen drawn.
Night thins and washes into day
And cold and cramped he deals into the dawn.
Upstairs at the private theater party
The company is waiting for the first reviews.
The young author leans against the cocktail table.
Whether he will be a failure or a famous man tomorrow
The *Times* will tell him or the morning *News*.
Nevertheless the blonde who hangs upon his arm,
The ambitious understudy in the show,
Is banking heavily on the play's success,
And now she has a playwright will not let him go.
Down the hall the retired couple
Living on their dividends, spend an evening home,
Mother with her knitting, Father with the radio.
John writes from Cleveland the family's fine
And Sue's marine she did at college is hanging on the wall.
The world is ordered to an obvious Methodist design
And God, with a slight Peoria accent, hovers over all.

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The suburban emperor orders his evening papers and his pills.
The potted plants shadow the faces in the main salon.
But the elderly attendant in the tiled lavatory below
In the small morning hours talks with Christ
As the bell captain planning a racetrack kill,
Desiring the grandeur of the royal suite,
Delivers the pint of scotch and the water, iced.

Now bring me the Helen of my desire.
Though I have searched the cabin of luxury liners,
Sought her on the observation roof among the clouds,
Shall I find her tonight perhaps among these diners,
Lounging in the cocktail lounge,
Or when the theaters empty their late crowds?
I shall have boys deliver baskets of flowers.
I shall call the desk and tell them not to ring.
When shall I hear her step upon the stair?
For I have followed her through revolving doors,
Through doors that opened by an electric eye,
And when the music was loudest in the pit,
And when the loges called obscenely to the stage,
Her face was there and I desired it.
She will make me forget all humiliation
And cancel the disappointments I have known
For when she moves the Mediterranean is bluer.
And I shall kiss her palms and upturned feet
And on her eyelids weigh my heavy mouth
Until the night is filled with tropical guitars
And winds from Florida blow through this northern room
And fruit falls in all the orchards of the south.

Back. And the storm dying. From where I came.
The batik nailed over the bed. The private letters with my name.
The hour approaches, that hour
When the heart is emptiest and when fears
Of failure and our own incompetence destroy us.
In that hour the devil that served us reappears.
Then pace the rug in the parlor. Turn the radio on.
Envy those who are not curious about heaven or hell,
Envy those who are not asked to bring back grapes in winter.
They are decent, they pay their debts, their sons are strong,
Though at night their catarrhs rattle in their throats,
While I, uncertain of the world where I belong,
Examining the heavens for a secret sign,
Inviting to dinner the outcast scholars and the dead,
Wait for the malevolent voice I know so well,
Wait for the appointed hour to strike.
The trapdoor opens slowly and I scream at sight of hell.

—Alfred Hayes
in POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Song for the Clatter-Bones

God rest that Jewy woman,
Queen Jezebel, the bitch
Who peeled the clothes from her shoulder-bones
Down to her spent teats
As she stretched out of the window
Among the geraniums, where
She chaffed and laughed like one half daft
Titivating her painted hair—

King Jehu he drove to her,
She tipped him a fancy beck;
But he from his knacky side-car spoke,
"Who'll break that dewlapped neck?"
And so she was thrown from the window;
Like Lucifer she fell
Beneath the feet of the horses and they beat
The light out of Jezebel.

That corpse wasn't planted in clover;
Ah, nothing of her was found
Save those grey bones that Hare-foot Mike
Gave me for their lovely sound;
And as once her dancing body
Made star-lit princes sweat,
So I'll just clack: though her ghost lacks a back
There's music in the old bones yet.

—F. R. Higgins
in THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS, Macmillan Co.

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Poem: To Others Than You

Friend by enemy I call you out.
You with a bad coin in your socket,
You my friend there with a winning air
Who palmed the lie on me when you looked
Brassily at my shyest secret.
Enticed with twinkling bits of the eye
Till the sweet tooth of my love bit dry,
Rasped at last, and I stumbled and sucked,
Whom now I conjure to stand as thief
In the memory worked by mirrors,
With unforgettably smiling act,
Quickness of hand in the velvet glove
And my whole heart under your hammer,
Were once such a creature, so gay and frank
A desireless familiar
I never thought to utter or think
While you displaced a love in the air,
That though I loved them for their faults
As much as for their good,
My friends were enemies on stilts
With their heads in a cunning cloud.

—Dylan Thomas

in SEVEN: London

The Air Raid Across the Bay

Above the dead flat plane of sea
And watching rocks of coast,
Across the bay, the high
Searchlights push to the center of sky
Rubbing white rules through dull lead,
Projecting enormous phantom
Masts with swaying derricks,
Sliding triangles and parallels
Upon the abased wasted distances.
  But through the shifting luminous figures
A black ragged horizontal sound
Moves, trailed by one distraught beam.
  A thudding falls from remote cones
And pink sequins wink from a gauze screen.
  Seeds of killing drop on cells of sleep
Which hug these promontories like little shells.
  Fingers pick away
Human minds from human brains.

O man-made and inhuman god,
The shining ladders slant
Up to your heaven packed with more
Evil invention than all holy wisdom
Accumulated in history.
Your infatuated dervishes try
To tear out of each others' entrails
The bread and gold which mocking lie
All round them in the pregnant peaceful fields
And loaded under rocks.

—Stephen Spender

in HORIZON, A Review of Literature, London.

Part of Plenty

When she carries food to the table and stoops down
—Doing this out of love—and lays soup with its good
Tickling smell, or fry winking from the fire
And I look up, perhaps from a book I am reading
Or other work: there is an importance of beauty
Which can't be accounted for by there and then,
And attacks me, but not separately from the welcome
Of the food, or the grace of her arms.

When she puts a sheaf of tulips in a jug
And pours in water and presses to one side
The upright stems and leaves that you hear creak,
Or loosens them, or holds them up to show me,
So that I see the tangle of their necks and cups
With the curls of her hair, and the body they are held
Against, and the stalk of the small waist rising
And flowering in the shape of breasts;
Whether in the bringing of the flowers or the food
She offers plenty, and is part of plenty,
And whether I see her stooping, or leaning with the flowers,
What she does is ages old, and she is not simply,
No, but lovely in that way.

—Bernard Spencer

in NEW VERSE ANTHOLOGY, Faber, London.

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Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

THERE were so many excellent books published last month in the non-fiction field that one hardly knows which ones to talk about. And if an attempt is made to talk about all of them we'd still be on the subject next Christmas. Perhaps it is a good omen that many of them deal in self-examination, or at least in an examination of the political, social and economic factors that constitute our environment.

In the arena of American life, two volumes of immediate value are Louis M. Hacker's, *The Triumph of American Capitalism*, and Eleanor Roosevelt's, *The Moral Basis of Democracy*. These two books make excellent companion pieces, both because capitalism and democracy are historical twins that have grown up together in America with inseparable destinies, and because of the antithetical approach of the two authors. Another valid reason for reading both efforts, rather than either one, is that they provide antidotes for each other's poison.

Mr. Hacker has not completely shed his winter skin of Marxism, or rather of Marxist dialectics. He sees the class struggle everywhere, despite his break with the party of Stalin et al. Yet he is objective and analytical in his evaluation of history—in fact more than a little over-objective. Perhaps that is because he has never been close to the soil, emotionally. I seem to perceive in Mr. Hacker, the great essence of failure that is in so many of his fellows. It is the breath of brick, marble and concrete. It is the breath of impotent (per se) machines, skyscrapers and stock exchanges. Those things get into the blood of the men and women who are cut off from the soil by the physical and spiritual assets of our cities, and cut off so completely that some of their parts atrophy for lack of nourishment. And, whether or not Mr. Hacker is aware of it, civilizations have risen and fallen by virtue of their relationship to the soil out of which they sprang. Hay has had a more profound effect on history than most of our economists realize. It is more important than theories and far more effective than Acts of Congress. I speak not of food or economics—this is no new form of economic determinism—but of the cultural and eventually the human impact on history of an agrarian philosophy. Mr. Hacker fails to comprehend the importance of this relationship.

Perhaps because of this fundamental lack of comprehension of a most fundamental concept of human life, he has failed to write a great book. He has written a very useful book. Some of its usefulness arises from its omissions. Part of its usefulness arises from its being an antidote to the oversimplifications and loose thinking of those who go to another extreme and ignore the changes wrought in our physical environment by the machine

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age. That is why it is good to read Mrs. Roosevelt's book *after* reading Mr. Hacker's. The world has reached a stage of development wherein it is no longer possible to base our way of life upon any of the old systems; neither will economic determinism explain man, nor will intellectual determinism. Both Karl Marx and Thomas Jefferson need revision, to say the least. Perhaps some one will provide us with a blueprint without blurs, erasures or serious omissions, and that someone will probably have begun with some of the theorems and corrolaries so recently worked out by Mr. Lewis Mumford.

Mrs. Roosevelt seems to have gone to Mumford, at least for inspiration. But, perhaps I am wrong. She may have arrived at her conclusions without ever having read a line of his. Her book is written in a rather naive style, and too often sounds like a McGuffey reader. However, underneath the weakness of style there is a burning desire to arouse the reader to a realization of what America is, and to the current dangers to the democracy she loves. Her book is historically correct, at least, but perhaps too short to fall into the errors that caught up with Mr. Hacker. She correctly evaluates, for example, the place of Thomas Jefferson. I am sure that she is aware of his revolution, (the second American revolution) the human gains of which were attacked from all sides after his death. I am sure she is aware of the war between the states as the third American revolution (not the second as Mr. Hacker states) which grew out of the conflicts engendered by, and the omissions of, the Jeffersonian revolution. It's too bad Mrs. Roosevelt didn't take more time and develop this phase of the moral basis of democracy. But then she, too, would have written a great book, rather than a competent one.

ANYONE who wishes to know anything about the sad fate of the erstwhile great democracy of Western Europe must read *Tragedy in France*. André Maurois wrote this story out of the living tissue of his heart and brain. He was part of the France that is no more. And here he tells of the ineptitudes, the weaknesses, the disunities and the downright dishonesties of the men of France. Mr. Maurois, in a straightforward report shows us the government leaders, their virtues and their vices, leading a great nation down the hill of defeat, destruction and disillusionment.

Here is told why France (and Britain too) stood by listless and hopeful while Germany openly armed for their destruction. Finally, when France and England were forced to declare war against Germany, they were completely unprepared. The war was lost, according to Maurois, by France, the moment it was declared. The first eight months of the war were wasted, he shows, with everything undertaken except an effort to remedy the lacks created by the stupidity and wrangling of the past years. When the war began in earnest, a fatal clash of personalities began also, and finally a wedge was driven between France and Britain.

After reading this book and thinking about the facts it narrates, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the tide of defeat might have been stemmed, at least, at any time before

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the actual invasion of France, if there had been just one good organizer in the Paris government. And as a warning to America, not to repeat France's mistakes, it comes none too soon.

Perhaps a good companion piece to *Tragedy in France* is *The Second Empire* by Octave Aubry, the author of *St. Helena*. Here in another era we see France in travail, that time as a result of the stupidities and halting efforts of Napoleon III and his court. Perhaps the recounting of the diplomatic triumphs of Bismarck, as a prelude to the military disaster at Sedan, may make the 1940 cataclysm seem a little less eternal. France did recover from Napoleon's mistakes.

THEN there is Dr. Abraham Flexner's autobiography, which he calls *I Remember*, and about which I must say a few words. This piece of work is one of those personal expositions that have made young men be up and doing. But apart from its inspirational character, the tome tells a direct story of the life of a man who has been begged to take millions—and often refused them—by enterprisers with more ability at earning money than at spending it wisely.

Dr. Flexner's surveys, educational activities and philanthropic enterprises proved him a man of exceptional abilities, and his own telling of those adventures is marked by restraint, modesty and understatement of his achievements.

An extremely well-edited and timely volume is *The Works of Henry D. Thoreau*, issued by Crowell. Now, when the world is beset with all the ogres loosed by the robots of a scientific age, the way of life of Thoreau may furnish a bomb shelter for a new, young civilization. And lest you are misled into believing that his was an escape philosophy, take Thoreau's word for it, that he was consciously getting into a battle for living, while yet there was time, not waiting to die in solitude after it was too late to live. The book contains the essays: Walden, Cape Cod, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, and Maine Woods.

Another excellent volume, this chiefly for the scholar, is *The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers*. It is edited by Whitney J. Oates—he also wrote an introduction. There are four philosophers included: Epicurus, Epictetus, Lucretius and Marcus Aurelius.

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. *By Louis M. Hacker. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 460 pages with index. $3.00.*

THE MORAL BASIS OF DEMOCRACY. By *Eleanor Roosevelt. New York; Howell, Soskin and Company. 1940. 82 pages. $1.50.*

TRAGEDY IN FRANCE. *By André Maurois. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1940. 255 pages. $2.00.*

THE SECOND EMPIRE. *By Octave Aubry. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1940. 638 pages. $5.00.*

I REMEMBER. *By Abraham Flexner. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 414 pages. $3.75.*

THE WORKS OF HENRY D. THOREAU. *New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1940. 423 pages. $2.49.*

THE STOIC AND EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHERS. *Edited by Whitney J. Oates. New York: Random House. 1940. 627 pages. $3.00.*

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THE PACIFIC OCEAN. *By Felix Riesenberg. Illust. by Stephen J. Voorhies. New York & London: Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1940. 322 pages with index. $3.00.*

A PARADOX of this superb tale of the mightiest of oceans is the dominance of land in its history. Without the far-flung

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archipelagoes of its sub-equatorial expanse and the big and little islands of its northern latitudes (the Philippine Islands group alone number several thousands), much of that quality hazily defined as "romance" by its describers, from Pigafetta to O'Brien, would be absent and the Pacific just another ocean. Perhaps only the Yankee whalemen of the first half of the nineteenth century loved and feared it for itself alone. They went where the wind took them, haunting its remotest areas in search of Leviathan, and showed their contempt for the little blots of terra firma that their eyes were the first to view by neglecting sometimes to record them in their log books; but they never forgot to spell whale with a capital "W." The chapter which the late Captain Riesenberg devotes to their exploits is affectionate and informative.

Virtually all the other Pacific sea-rovers were bent on the discovery of unknown lands arising from its depths (and their commercial exploitation) or piratical assault upon other craft for personal gain and glory. The mighty Pacific was only the major hazard to their objectives which had to be endured and survived. Balboa was the first European to see it; Magellan the first to traverse it from east to west. Beginning with Pigafetta, shipmate of Magellan and chronicler of his armada's historic circumnavigation, countless narratives have recorded one or another phase of its history. Out of this wealth of material Captain Riesenberg has put together a fascinating and often dramatic story, selecting with care the most colorful episodes, spicing it with gusty detail, and drenching the whole with brine and blood.

Magellan, the bold Drake, the incomparable Cook, and America's own Wilkes, whose place in the history of Pacific exploration has still to receive its full measure of appreciation from his countrymen, are built to full stature in vigorous prose and their hardships and exaltations, their discoveries and disappointments given proper perspective in the four-hundred-year panorama of the Pacific. Lesser figures are not forgotten. The heroic Anson, who was to become First Sea Lord of the Admiralty under Pitt, and whose expedition encountered virtually every element of hardship and horror humans at sea can experience, is vividly recalled. Shadowy figures march through the narrative like Malacca Henry, the Malayan, who was the first man to sail completely around the world; Master Thomas Moon, who slashed at the Spaniards in the name of the English Crown, roaring in Latin, *"Abaxo, perro,"* which the English of his time translated, "Goe downe, dogge"; and Mlle. Baré, valet to M. Commercon, botanist of the De Bougainville expedition, whose masquerade as a man fooled even her master but not the sharp eyes of the native Samoans. And who remembers that it was the doughty De Bougainville himself who gave his name to the lovely flower still known as the bougainvillia?

For a hundred years or more the Pacific was a Spanish sea. The volume of commerce across its bosom—especially between Mexico and Manila—was tremendous. In their way, these mighty Manila galleons, whose planking was often three or four feet thick, were only rivalled by the American clipper ships of a later day. Dutch and English both sought to wrest her rich possessions from Spain; her ships through piratical warfare and her islands through forceful occupation. Their success, and the final price they must pay for it, can be currently read in our newspapers. But Spain put up a gallant struggle and it was the United States which, by taking over the Philippines, put an end to her Pacific empire.

Not all the great expeditions which added to our knowledge of the Pacific are woven into Captain Riesenberg's story; several—notably the ill-fated voyage of La Perouse—are not even mentioned in passing. But in so engrossing a volume it is not what has been left out that is important, it is the fine handling of that which has been included.

There is an excellent chapter on America's penetration of the Pacific as exemplified in the opening up of Japan to overseas trade—performed by the clever Commodore Perry—and another on the part of the great ocean (it comprises more than a third of the world's surface) played in developing Alaska and the upper North American coast. And it concludes with a note on the advent of the flying clippers of contemporaneous performance and their first navigator, Captain Eddie Musick, who, like Magellan, the pioneer of Pacific surface exploration, found his final resting place in the land of his adventure.

Captain Riesenberg died last winter before he had put the final touches to his manu-

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script but this job has been competently done by Mr. Russell Owen who is to write the story of the Antarctic Ocean in this series of the Oceans of the World of which the present work is the initial volume.

—Richard Perry Collins

The Youth of New York City. *By Nettie Pauline McGill and Ellen Nathlie Mathews. New York: Macmillan. 1940. 420 pages. $3.50.*

American Youth Today. *By Leslie Gould, foreword by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt. New York: Random House. 284 pages, appendix and index. 1940. $2.00.*

IS YOUTH soft, lacking in direction, ever-articulate and unruly? Or is it cued to go places with only mirrors instead of magic gardens of work just beyond the horizon? The freest generation ever bred in this land, as it has been called, is by no means fooled by any pot-of-gold theories, I believe, that in the end make for the non-political enslaved man. Realists will continue to doubt that youth is, by so much as the hair of a dialectic "subversive."

But foofoo columnists do like to kick up a fuss, and editorial writers often take potshots under immunity; now and again sober-minded persons like Dorothy Thompson frankly admit their errors, after a riot of protest. Although a newspaper columnist, Mrs. Roosevelt has never been afraid to say boldly that youth is trying honestly to face the normal problems of unemployment, recreation and health. In her brief introduction to Mr. Gould's book, she does not mention citizenship but she has fenced off her ideas on this subject in her now-famous letter to the American Newspaper Guild. Citizenship in a democracy implies giving as well as sharing.

Aided by the research staff of the Welfare Council of New York City, the authors of *The Youth of New York City* have put out an invaluable source book for all who would face urban youth problems in the raw. Of special interest is the breakdown on education, the Negro, the uses of leisure and unemployment.

The size of the last problem is indicated by the following:

Out-of-work youth for New York City in 1935 were estimated as between 330,000 and 378,000; three-fifths of the not-as-yet employed had been out of school one year or more; one-eighth four and five years. The blackness of this picture has been greatly relieved by the National Youth Administration with its training-in-skills program, capable of expansion, without doubt, even should the defense set-up get well under way or usher in a job boomlet.

When all is said, however, the term "youth" strikes us as a piece of unwarranted patronage or at best a misnomer. Supposed to enroll in a hothouse known as college, according to our folklore, it is sometimes forgotten that most young adults of college age are ready to work and marry but are barred from doing so chiefly by the lack of income. This is penetratingly brought home by Mr. Gould's book, written under the auspices of the American Youth Congress. The American Youth Congress has been defended by Mrs. Roosevelt, scolded by the President, Gene Tunney and the press. But what are young adults up against? The same dilemmas as were tackled by the New Deal. The slogans are pretty well-worn now: jobs, security, peace. To this, of course, has recently been added defense.

Mr. Gould emphasizes the social gains of the first New Deal, is hectoringly suspicious of the present trend of the Administration and grows lyrical about the future of America. He ends on a heroic note:

"America's greatest songs are yet unsung. Her greatest battles are not yet won. It is our job to sing these songs. We will win these battles."

Which might have been composed, not by Walt Whitman, but by his amanuensis disciple, Horace Traubel.

Nobody will wish to quarrel with Mr. Gould, I think, on his quite sensible crusading program; it is in fact a social-welfare program, never a "subversive" one. In times of crisis such as is the present, however, the will of youth is already alert in sere leaf: the middle-aged and the over-aged, with newly-grafted vigor, hammer out all the major decisions, and nothing is left for the young to do but to give. Isn't it the new German crop of gymnasium graduates who are releasing death-dealing bombs on the civilian population of London at the behest of middle-aged leaders?

In our own country, it is pleasant to see

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that the young adult is defining democracy for himself. How? Consult Mr. Gould's book. By action, by pressing for more social advances and by bulwarking civil- and collective bargaining-rights. This is, I admit, a refreshing antidote to the night-over-mind chapters on the uses of leisure via pulp magazines, movies and radio, as analyzed in the painstaking and indispensable survey made by the Misses McGill and Mathews.

—PIERRE LOVING

WHY EUROPE FIGHTS. *By Walter Millis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 277 pp. Index. $2.50.*

WALTER MILLIS is one of this country's most accomplished writers of contemporary history. One of the reasons is that, unlike the college faculty fraternity, he is under compulsion to write with some real sense of audience—he is an editorial writer in New York—which unfortunately seems not to be a conscious obligation when many of our professors of history sit down to do a job of work.

Why Europe Fights is, to this reviewer, less interesting for its careful interpretation of contemporary forces that led to war than it is for its disclosure of the impact of this war upon the author himself. Some years ago Mr. Millis wrote an acid and disillusioned study, *The Road to War*, which was an exposition of the tangible and the psychological forces which led the United States, by stages now become obvious, into the first World War. It was an eloquent argument against our further intervention in the affairs of Europe, and, incidentally, the book was widely read.

In *Why Europe Fights* Mr. Millis does not state overtly that this country should be aligned with Britain now to defeat Hitler. Yet that is his plain implication, and furthermore, that belief has been stated, in editorials obviously written by him, in the New York *Herald-Tribune*. The point is, then, that whereas the last war was, in Mr. Millis' mind, in great measure a capitalist and a selfish adventure, in which the mass of Americans had no legitimate interest, this present conflict is another story. Mr. Millis is not the first thoughtful American who has had his convictions changed, in twenty years, by the course of events, but the book is none the less interesting for that change of front.

Mr. Millis states his purpose simply enough in his foreword: "The purpose of this book is a very modest one. It offers no contribution to history. Utilizing the material readily available on any good reference shelf, it attempts nothing more than a simple, but factually accurate, interpretation of the broad complex of forces and events which led, within twenty-one years from the end of the last great war in Europe, to the outbreak of another." That is an overmodest statement of aims, for any such objective "interpretation of the broad complex of forces" requires a good deal of skill and, besides, a knowledge of the perils that are to be found on "any good reference shelf." Aside from Mr. Millis' apparent knowledge of what to distrust on such shelves—and, so far as the last twenty years is concerned, there is an appalling mass of garbled writing on it—Mr. Millis writes clearly and with a nice sense of juxtaposition. He takes the reader from the end of the World War to that first and fateful Sunday in September a year ago.

If you are looking for a volume that gives a comprehensible cause-and-effect narration of the reasons underlying the bloody tragedy overseas, and leaves "to the reason all final questions of moral justification," Mr. Millis' latest volume is probably the most intelligible and readable account you will find.

—PHILIP EAGAN

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA. *By H. N. Brailsford. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 130 pages. $1.00.*

WE have had, when you come to think of it, surprisingly little urging from England to get into the war. This is probably because Mr. Churchill, for all his ability to be blunt when that is needed, also knows when not to be. Since Reynaud's agonized cry for help just before his Government went under, such arguments as there have been in favor of immediate declaration of war by America have come from Americans. Mr. Brailsford, however, comes out flatfootedly for immediate action—men as well as "material aid." He does not speak for England officially, of course, but much of the interest of his argument is because he is a sort of

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liaison man between the left (but non-Communist) liberals of England and America, since he has been for many years on the editorial staff of the British *New Statesman and Nation* and also London correspondent of the *New Republic* of New York.

According to Mr. Brailsford, the United States will inevitably have to fight Hitler if England loses. A permanent, total Hemisphere defense would not only be intolerable economically but would include acquiring "over the Latin republics an ascendancy, a quasi-imperial leadership equally repugnant to the idealism of the North and the independence of the South." The only alternative would be to carry the war offensively to Europe. This, he thinks, can be done successfully only so long as England still remains as a base for attack on the Continent. So, if we want to win the war we'd better start it now.

—M. M.

THE MEXICAN TOUCH. *By Edwa Moser. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 279 pages. $2.75.*

MRS. MOSER and her three children lived in Mexico for a year, and this is her story of the places they visited, the people they met, and the experiences they had. They had earthquakes, a revolution, and saw the effects of the oil expropriation and subsequent embargo on the simple everyday Mexico about them. Like Steinbeck in *Tortilla Flat* and Heyward in *The Star Spangled Virgin* she writes with warmth and understanding of the people and their way of life. Her story of the lion at the bar and the exit from Mexico at Laredo are gems of comedy. For those who wish to get the feel of Mexican daily life this book is highly recommended.

—NAOMI M. OLIVER

PREFACE TO EUGENICS. *By Frederick Osborn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1940. 312 pages. $2.75.*

A blueprint for human betterment is the aim of this book, which deals with a modern eugenics program for a democracy.

"Eugenics is no longer something remote and theoretical. It is coming into practical use," the author says. He outlines recent advances in the scientific investigation of heredity, environment and population trends.

A population policy that will foster freedom of parenthood is essential to the United States; birth-control information must be made equally available to all groups, so that those now having large families because of poverty, ignorance and isolation can limit the number of their children, Mr. Osborn says. The extension of social measures that will lessen the economic penalties of parenthood, and help responsible and competent parents to feel free to have as many children as they want, is part of his program.

Preface to Eugenics should have a thoughtful reading by all who are concerned with the true index of a nation's progress—the quality of its people.

ENGLAND WAS AN ISLAND ONCE. By *Elswyth Thane. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 1940. 321 pages and index. $3.00.*

MISS THANE might almost be called a professional Anglophile. That is, much of her popular success as a biographer and historical novelist (*The Tudor Wench, Young Mr. Disraeli, Queen's Folly*) is due to her passionate love of England which embraces its history, its old houses, teas at country inns, the contemporary English whom she knows and, even, Neville Chamberlain. *England Was an Island Once* is the account of her visits to England in the summers of 1938 and 1939 (she had been going there every summer since 1928), what it seemed like during Munich and then the next year when the war actually came. Her feeling for detail and her genuine emotion over the destruction of what was to her an ideal world, make it a heartrending account, though the reader may find it difficult to suffer so steadily for over 300 pages. The book as a whole would be more effective if Miss Thane had learned more from her British friends of the value of understatement. But, after all, she is an American.

—MARJORIE MCFARLAND

AMERIKA. *By Franz Kafka. Norfolk, Conn. New Directions. 299 pages. 1940. $2.50.*

Franz Kafka's posthumous novel, *Amerika* is essentially an "inward adventure," since he himself was confined geographically to Prague and its environs. His young hero,

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Karl Rossmann, however, is set free to discover America; his adventures can best be likened to a nightmarish version of *Alice in Wonderland*. Again, as in *The Trial* or *The Castle*, the theme is "escape" and "search," why, we never know; there is all the compulsion here that one feels in dreams, all the rush and seeking, all the clumsy interference by people who are fiendish composites of the beings of our waking hours.

Amerika is more hopeful in mood than Kafka's other efforts. His writing, too, combines dreamlike romanticism and the most exact realism. It is subtle and intense. It is as compelling as mental obsession. Klaus Mann's *Introduction* is a welcome key to the mystery of Franz Kafka, who at best has been comparatively unknown even to the *literati*.

The translation by Edwin Muir preserves the perfection of Kafka's prose, while the illustrations by Emlen Etting are very sensitive, and just right for the mood of the story. The format of the book is unusually good.

RETURN AGAIN, TRAVELER. *By Norman Rosten. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 88 pages. $2.00.*

This book offered as a "long poem," broken into free sketches of scenes and characters, is the prize winner this year of the Yale Series of Younger Poets. But why, it is hard to see. Throughout, the book is nothing but prose, the usual fake appeals to

"You, Walt Whitman,
Carrier of love, O bible singer
Of the new steel-construction world!"

It reflects a cub-reporter sympathy for the poor and struggling, a pumped up Americanism, an "American was promises" aura, with no glimpse of talent in it. Stephen Vincent Benét's foreword reads like an apology.

IN WHAT HOUR. *By Kenneth Rexroth. New York: Macmillan Company. 1940. 83 pages. $1.75.*

A volume of verse consisting mainly of weak imitations of Auden, Gregory and the Chinese translations of Ezra Pound. This work is offered as "definite unity and direction"—a unity of nothing, and a direction nowhere. Books of verse like this confuse the issue and give the public little idea of what a first book of verse should be, and help maintain the collusive atmosphere in which mediocrity displays her fine clothes.

THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS. *By F. R. Higgins. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 85 pages. $1.25.*

Although not concerned with the problems of the age, these lyrics from Ireland have a natural vigor and music. Brilliant technique and a real feeling for words make this book of poems delightful and surprising. (See the poem reprinted in *POEMS OF THE MONTH* department elsewhere in this magazine.) It is to be regretted that a talent of Mr. Higgins' intensity is not focused on the spirit-wracking events belaboring the earth. We strongly recommend this volume to those who seek what is real in poetry.

BOOKS ABROAD

CHEAP BOOKS IN BRITAIN

(*Economist*, London)

NINE great publishing houses have decided to meet the "menace" of cheap books by publishing cheap books themselves. Cape, Cassel, Chatto and Windus, Collins, Dent, Faber and Faber, Heinemann, Harrap and John Murray are members of the new British Publishers' Guild, set up to sell books at 6d., 9d. and 1s. It is an attempt to restore the stability of an industry that has lately made very heavy weather economically, and a recognition of the merits of centralized and rationalized methods, both in production and distribution. The basis is co-operative effort. The whole stock of Guild books will be delivered to the Book Centre, a limited company which will pack, invoice and dispatch the books to customers. In tune with modern business trends, a standardized and price-maintained article will emerge in the book world.

The new enterprise, still only very small and in embryo, is clearly an attempt to "cash in" on the gigantic sales made by the pioneer producers of sixpenny books—40,000 to 150,000 copies of each Penguin and Pelican were sold in the first year of their publication dur-

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ing the period 1935 to 1938. It is designed to thwart this rivalry by meeting it on its own ground. By issuing and maintaining "a first-class list of cheap editions," its sponsors claim, "the Guild will discourage the sale by authors and publishers of established books to organizations which have contributed nothing to their original success." This is the gravamen of the publishers' grievance against cheap books—as it always has been. Their contention is that names and titles "made" by their efforts are exploited to the advantage of others—a charge which loses some force by the fact that an appreciable number of the latest cheap books are original works or by unmade authors.

A leading trade journal rightly observes that "the main object of the Guild is to bring back the stream to the book trade's own garden." But the enterprise goes deeper. What the pioneers have proved is that it is possible to produce and sell cheap books profitably; and the magnates of the trade have been constrained to fall into line with a discovery of great economic importance to their industry—and immense benefit to the book-reading public. The "garden of books" is a public garden, and cheapness is a virtue there.

All this is not new. It is the latest stage in an industrial struggle which has at least a century and a half of history. On the one hand have stood the publishers and distributors of "standing" to whom their set structure of prices, costs and margins has seemed sacrosanct. On the other hand have been the iconoclasts whose object it has been to secure a flow of cheap books. And, in the main, the battle *has* been concerned with names and titles "made" by the established publishers at their set prices. It began as a fight over what are called "remainders," copies that remain unsold at the established price. The practice of publishers used to be to destroy half or three-quarters of these, and to charge the full publication price, or nearly that, for those they kept. Their object was to keep prices up.

THIS was the state of affairs when, at the end of the eighteenth century, James Lackington opened a bookshop in Chiswell Street, Moorfields, London, where he sold remainders at half-price in defiance of trade usage. He thus defied the rules of what nowadays we would call a "trade association," an arrangement to maintain prices and fix the margin between the producer's price and that of the retailer. Lackington was the first modern undercutter, and his success was colossal —the first great victory of the cheap book. "I could almost be vain enough," he wrote later, "to suppose that I have been thereby instrumental in diffusing that general desire for reading, now so prevalent among the inferior orders of society." The motto over his shop door was "small profits do great things."

The fight against later Lackingtons went on almost throughout the nineteenth century. Publishers' combinations, noted by Babbage and others, grew up, broke down and reformed again. They were the object of an inquiry made among the most famous authors of the middle of the century, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Carlyle, Dickens, Kingsley and others, who were asked whether they approved of the boycotting of booksellers who decided to sell at a lower profit than that decided by the publishers. Almost all were against it. Mill's answer was that he could not think of a case "in which a combination to keep up prices is more injurious than in the sale of books," a statement which, in 1877, was repeated by Mr. T. H. Farrer (later Lord Farrer) before the Royal Commission on Copyright. Most newspapers were generally in favor of resale-price agreements with boycotting clauses, but both the *Times* and the *Economist* were opposed to them.

The struggle went on until the 'nineties, when the famous Net-Book-Agreement was definitely reached, regulating the retail price (though discounts were not controlled). The booksellers' margin was thereby fixed, and since books had to be sold and distributed as well as published, this apparently disposed of any further undercutting. Such an agreement could hardly be expected to "cheapen" books, though Mr. Stanley Unwin—whose idealistic attitude in this matter will not be disputed—holds that "it is *now* to increased sales rather than to increased discounts that booksellers should look forth for increased profits." It is true that, with uncontrolled margins, it might well happen that booksellers would be more interested in high discounts than in low prices.

But, in general, the impetus toward cheaper books has not come from the set arrangements of the book trade. It came first, admittedly, from the sale of cheap reprints

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by certain established houses. But the recent drive toward cheapness has come from the Book Clubs and the publication of sixpenny books on a great scale. There are new Lackingtons in the field, for what is the sixpenny book, more often than not a reprint of some known work, than a "remainder" in a new wrapping. Lackington's point was that hundreds of copies of books were destroyed, not because they were unreadable or inferior or unwanted, but because the purchasing power of the relatively few who were able to buy them had been exhausted. Publishers were not anxious to find new marginal buyers. To them it seemed to be more profitable to have a good initial price, and to keep up the price of the few in stock for the stragglers among the buyers than to sell the whole lot at a cheaper price. Now, in the same context, the sixpenny book has lengthened the life of books, just as Lackington's shop did; and it is natural that it met with the strongest opposition from "regular" publishers.

Here, one should not be unjust. Publishing has features which distinguish it from other trades. A publisher may originally publish the books of "his" authors for some other reasons than mere profit. He may wish to give a chance to coming celebrities—often a doubtful and risky venture. His is the original risk, and his he feels should be the ultimate reward. Book printing is in a sense a public service. Often it is as profitless as most such services are, and the losses on a risky venture have to be made up from the sales of other books for which a greater number of buyers at a good price are available. But such considerations should never stand in the way of making books as a whole cheaper. If there is profit to be made from the sale of "remainders" cheap, in whatever form, to the advantage of both seller and buyer, then the publisher's job is, not to oppose such sales because they bring no profit to him, but to stake a claim to that profit by publishing them cheap himself.

THAT is what appears to be happening now. Publishers seem to have recognized, at last, that they cannot swim against the stream; and that sixpennies are not merely a flash in the pan and economically unsound. They are a new and likely line of business. So, tentatively and with reservations, the publishers are going to adopt the principle which for so long they have fought against as being contrary to all good publishing traditions and trade ethics. This, and the failing financial vitality of the book industry, make up the background of the British Publishers' Guild. The regular publishing trade is to undertake the publication of special books at cheap prices, and their pooling of resources will create a great undertaking. It is the method of the cartel and centralized selling to protect a limited monopoly; but it is certain to meet sharp and efficient competition from the irregulars who have carved out a new market with skill and discernment. The public should gain by more and cheaper books, the community as a whole by more readers, and the book trade itself by new life after a long time in set ways and habits.

Reading Under Bombing

By W. Somerset Maugham

London Calling

I AM going to tell you about some books we are reading in England today, the sort of books I myself fine agreeable to read just now, and the sort of books I hear of other people reading. I should explain first of all that I don't come here as a critic, which I'm not, nor as an author, which I am, but as an ordinary member of the public. I claim no more authority to speak on this subject than if I were a bus conductor or a Cabinet Minister.

Reading should be a pleasure. You are the final judge of the value to you of the book you are reading. No matter what the learned say about it, however much they praise it, if it doesn't interest *you*, if it doesn't please *you*, it's no business of yours. Of course, the great masterpieces of our literature, the books that enlarge our spirit and enrich our personality, afford entertainment, too, but I don't know how you feel about it. I find they want a detachment of mind and an aloofness which are difficult to secure in these distressful and momentous times.

I am made of weaker stuff. In these grim days I am content with the kind of reading which the severe contemptuously describe

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as escapist. To tell you the truth, I don't see why they should be so severe or so contemptuous. We have most of us put in a hard day's work at some kind of war work, and I don't see why we should be grudged a little relaxation at the end of it. If we were better men and our characters nobler, it may be that, however tired, however anxious, we should prefer *Paradise Lost* to P. G. Wodehouse; but there it is, we have to take ourselves as we are.

Since the beginning of the war I have spent two or three periods of great distress. I found no better way to get through the weary, bitter hours than to read detective stories. The writers of detective stories do not hold a very high place in the world of letters, and when you meet them they are apt to be rather apologetic about themselves.

How wrong they are to be so modest! They are benefactors of the human race. And don't let us pretend that they are read only by the lowbrows. Everyone reads them. The archbishop in his palace, the don in his college rooms, the financial magnate and the Secretary of State. They offer relaxation from toil and relief from anxiety. But they deserve their success for other reasons besides. They tell a story swiftly, they don't waste time on irrelevant detail, and they carry you on from page to page with the desire to know what is going to happen next. These are the essential qualities of a good novel, and it is because the authors of novels of a more ambitious character often neglect them that their books, notwithstanding their other merits, too frequently remain something of a labor to read.

Of course, no one can read nothing but detective stories. As I write these words I am conscious that they're not true. I know readers, like chain smokers, who light one cigarette on the stub of another, who no sooner have finished one detective story than they begin a new one. I can't. I want a rest in between and so I'm going to tell you what sort of reading I've found very pleasant in wartime.

Before doing that, in case you should think I'm saying too much about my own likes and dislikes, I'll tell you what I've discovered by questioning other people. I find that they're inclined to go back to the leisurely novels of the nineteenth century, not so much the important ones like those of Dickens and Thackeray, though Trollope seems much in favor, but the lesser ones. They are reading Ouida again, and, what is very surprising to me, the works of Charlotte Young. I may remind you that she was a very popular writer in her day and her most celebrated book was *The Heir of Redcliffe*. In case you are tempted to read any others, I will mention the names of two more, *The Trial* and *The Daisy Chain*. I am not quite sure why, after the neglect of so many years, Miss Young is now finding new readers. She was a deeply religious lady and she wrote with a high moral purpose. But I do not think it is for this reason that people are beginning to read her again. I think it is because they find in her quiet novels the picture of a peaceful, secure, and easy-going life which, at this distance, looks as if it had been very pleasant to lead. The England she described is gone, never to return.

Another novelist who had some of the qualities that attract readers of the present day to Miss Young was Mrs. Oliphant. She wrote one book, *The Beleaguered City*, which, though not at all in her usual style, is a remarkable performance. It must be very nearly forgotten now, but in its way it is wonderfully good. I think you would be glad to read it.

Now, to my own wartime reading. I have found nothing so satisfactory as memories. They, too, take one out of oneself into a different world. Though English literature isn't as rich as French in works of this sort, we have at least some admirable writers of memoirs, and though they may not be so romantic or so picturesque as the French, because they tell us of our own people and portray a world our forefathers lived in, they have a significance to us that gives them a compensating interest.

Our Readers Say:

Editor, *The Living Age*

Sir:

. . . I am opposed to your plan for caring for refugee children in country-school centers, and feel that those who "aye" it have really given it very little thought. We sentimentalize about protecting children from as much as possible of the shock of change, but actually they are most adaptable and frequently thoroughly

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enjoy the change which their elders find difficult. Further, I think that it would be a very good thing for English children to find out exactly how Americans do live, and what they are like. I suspect that many of them would demand, when the evacuation period is over, that some American ways be adopted by their homeland.

My three-year old daughter boarded at an English school (Mr. Bertrand Russell's) beginning in 1928. She became thoroughly at home there and during the two months of summer holiday hardly had time to become reacquainted with us in America. She constantly corrected our pronunciation and use of words. When, in September, she boarded the ship that was to take her back to England without us she said, "Well good-bye. I'll come see you next holiday!" She was going back home. The following year when she again was sailing, she got tired of waiting for the midnight sailing, hopped into her berth, kissed us goodnight and fell asleep before we had got to the door of the stateroom. That was a definite shock to us, but in her we could find no trace of trauma.

In all, she attended Mr. Russell's school for three years. We were considerably disturbed when it was not possible for us to send her there another year for financial reasons, and spent heart-breaking days wondering how she would adjust to a Long Island public school. By the end of two weeks she was thoroughly at home and shouting, "Look! I got a gold star! We never got stars at Mr. Russell's school!" Much as she had loved "Telegraph Hill," she quickly pounced on the things which she had not had there—from gold stars to chewing gum.

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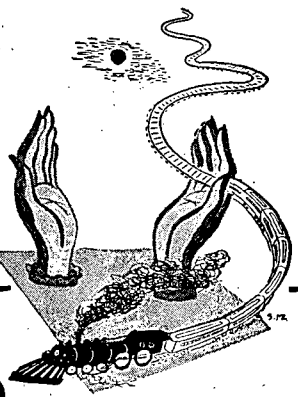

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From the Long Island City school, she went to a one-room schoolhouse in western Connecticut, boarding with an Australian woman and her Swiss husband. She loved that too. Next she attended Hunter College Model School in New York City, and had as much sport walking down Park Avenue as she had had crunching along over snow or sliding along on the Connecticut mud under cherry trees. She was living with us then and has ever since, but her school surroundings have continued to change. She attended a small school at Hanalei, Kauai, where most of the students were Hawaiian. From there she went to a larger but rural school where the students were mainly Japanese. She is now, at the age of fifteen, attending Punahou School, Honolulu, where most of the children are white, with a sprinkling of nearly everything else under the sun—including an Austrian and four English refugee children. She thinks that children who have not had the changes that she has, have had a dull life.

During the time that she was in England, we never feared that she might become Anglicized in any unpleasant way. We felt and still feel that everywhere there is something to be learned, and fortunate are the children who can pick up some of it.

English people are all too ignorant of Americans and our way of life. Back in 1928, England had American movies, yet the teachers at Mr. Russell's school were amazingly ignorant of America. Some of them thought (including an Oxford graduate) that we all heated our houses with oil stoves. I found the English also quite ignorant of our progress in medicine. When I took our daughter to school, I carried with me her smallpox vaccination certificate and also a certificate that she had had

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diphtheria toxin-antitoxin and a Schick test. Mr. Russell, naturally, had a modern doctor, who looked at the latter certificate and said, "What is this?" I explained, and had the certificate handed back to me with the simple statement that they knew nothing about it. Three years later I received a letter from the doctor at the school—a form letter—telling me about the marvellous new protection against diphtheria and asking my permission to have them use it on my daughter. I gritted my teeth and wrote as courteously as I could that she had had it when she was nine months old.

I write as the daughter of English-born naturalized Americans, as the wife of a man whose happiest years were spent at Oxford, and as the mother of a girl who has retained impressions of England which I feel are of value to her. I write with a strong feeling that England would be in a better way today if her people were less ignorant of America.

So I say, if we are to have English refugee children—or any other refugee children—let them go to homes where they will be welcome, homes of all kinds and in all parts of the country. I should make nearly the only requirement that of kindness. This, I feel, would be far better for the English children, for England, and for those children of ours who would come in contact with them.

If there is any real shock to English children on coming to America and living with Americans, then that is a sad indictment of England and I think it's high time that they came and got used to us.

Aloha—

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THE LIVING AGE

Published monthly at East Stroudsburg, Pa., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Stella Maciejewska, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the circulation manager of THE LIVING AGE and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Living Age Company, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Leon Bryce Bloch, 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: World Reviews, Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Joseph H. Smyth, 424 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

STELLA MACIEJEWSKA,
Circulation Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1940.

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